The Druid

The Story of

FIR MAIGE FÉNE FIRST NATION

An Scéal bPobal Uí Chaoimh

agus An Draoi Ruadh

He-Who-Walks-Among-the-Dead

Mac-Tíre Ó Kieffe

Do na daoine atá cróga agus dílis

níl a dhath doiligh.

O, fondest and fairest!

O, lovely Glenora!

Go m-Badh Buan Bearla

Saoi agus Naoimh.

What the modern world wants more than anything else, what Ireland wants beyond all other modern countries, is a new birth of the heroic spirit."
St. Pádraic H. Pearse

Is aoibhinn dán draoithe is dáimh Sgaoilfear cách atá fe'n amadh Chíofar clár Uí Chaoimh gan spás 'Ge an Rígh nách nár, tá'n báire ag
Air an da Fearmaighé
Riaghail do righthibh

O'er many a long mile did they flee,
The dove, the raven stained with gore,
And found beneath the Murderer's tree
The young heir of Glenore,
--A bloody, ghastly corpse was he
By murmuring Funcheon's fairy shore.
From The Green Dove and the Raven

Keefe O'Keefe, esq., the representative of that illustrious sept,
mac Caeimh Hi Caeimh, mac Caeim, Ua Eógain...ua Ecach, Ua Mogha, do Shil Catail, ... mac Áirdrigh... Pobal Uí Chaoimh, Tiarna Fir Maige Féne.
Ó Caoimh, gecc a Gleandomhain. Mac Sadhbh Amhaltach, Cara Sheila Meskill. : MAQI DECCEDA. SAFITORA NI AS
The lord of Feara Muighe of smooth mounds

"The royal foot transfixed, the gushing blood Enrich'd the pavement with a noble flood."

Infant heir of proud Fermoy, Fear not fields of slaughter; Storm and fire fear not, my boy, But shun the fatal water."

Ó Caoimh of the handsome brown brows
Is chief of Irluachair of the fertile lands

Bodh Dearg solicited by the Irish plenipotentiary to assist the Fenians against the invasion by the [Rí] of the World under the allegation that the Fenians had rendered his people, the Túatha DeDánans, much service ...

[CHIEFING] in Early Irish Literature Tomás Ó Cathasaigh, Harvard University The [chiefdom] of Munster at Cashel was the most prestigious [chiefdom] in the southern half of Ireland... ...According to Senchas Fagbála Caisil 'The Story of the Finding of Cashel', Cashel was discovered by two swineherds 'and the woods of Cashel were yellow at that time, and mast was plentiful there'. In a dream, the swineherds saw Conall Corc: God's blessing was being given to him and his successors as [chiefs] of Cashel so long as they observed the Truth, together with mercy. His successors are duly named. One of the swineherds speaks in a trance of the blessing that he heard the angel deliver. What he has to say is couched in obscure language, and it has not been possible to translate it fully...After the first part the [chief] responds to the swineherd, saying: 'Rob fir firthar, rob bríg brígther 'May it be a truth that is confirmed: may it be a power that is enforced'. and the people answer 'amen'....

eNGLAND AND IRELAND. The strength of England is, and al- ways has been, material force ; organization ; concentration ; weight of stroke ; selfishness of purpose. Her power has marched through the centuries and the nations like a mail-clad battalion, plowing its way, repellent, unsympathetic, defying criticism, bound on the seizure of its prey, disregarding the opinions of mankind. The power that Ireland has exerted through her banished millions, is immaterial, diffused, intellectual, spiritual ; the very opposite to that of England. But it is the power of the steam, as

compared to the power of the water. So far the nations represent opposites : One concussion ; the other conversion. One a threat ; the other an argument. One repels ; the other attracts. One makes enemies ; the other makes friends. One wastes its own strength in every effort ; the other increases its power with every exertion. Ireland appeals through her scattered children and their descendants to the consciences of men.
JB O'REILLY WATCHWORDS

"The three tools that are called Crooked against Crooked, Corner against Corner, and Engine against deceit."
THE GLOSS GAVLEN Narrator, JOHN McGiNTY, Achill Island, co Mayo.
WEST IRISH FOLK-TALES AND ROMANCES, WILLIAM LARMINIE, 1893.

Sgiath na h-Eamhna
The Lochlannachs held potent sway
Over the men in Occupied Ireland,
Until Lughadh Lámhfháda arrived
And fought the Battle of Moytuir

Ár nAthair, atá ar neamh,
go naomhaítear t'ainm,
go dtaga do ríocht,
go ndeintear do thoil ar an dtalamh
mar a deintear ar neamh.

Ár n-arán laethúil tabhair dhúinn inniu,
agus maith dhúinn ár gcionta
mar a mhaithimíd do chách,
agus ná lig sinn i gcathú,

ach saor sinn ó olc.
áiméin.

So says Leland:'The object of the Irish governors and of the English Parliament was the utter extinction of all the Catholics of Ireland.'
Rev. Canon Ulick J. Bourke, MRIA

The Orange society was founded in "the most Protestant county in Ireland," where the Catholics were a minority of the population, and in a province, too, where, as the venerable Presbyterian historian, Hill, in his Plantation of Ulster, shows the Catholics had been robbed of every inch of the land that belonged to themselves and their fathers [same as Maori in New Zealand].
THE ORANGE SOCIETY reprinted from plates of the Tenth Australian Edition, 1897, RIGHT REV. H. W. CLEARY, BISHOP OF AUCKLAND, N.Z.

Lúcás 10:36 Cé acu den triúr sin, do bharúil, ba chomharsa don té a tharla i líon na robálaithe?" 37 Dúirt sé: "An té a rinne an trócaire air." Dúirt Íosa leis: "Imigh leat, agus déan féin mar an gcéanna."

§46. Semeon went in the lands of the Greeks. His progeny increased there till they amounted to thousands. Slavery was imposed upon them by the Greeks; they had to carry clay upon rough mountains so that they became flowery plains. Thereafter they were weary of their servitude, and they went in flight, five thousand strong, and made them ships of their bags: [or, as the Quire of Druim Snechta says, they stole the pinnaces of the king of Greece for coming therein]. Thereafter they came again into Ireland, their land of origin: that was at the end of two hundred and thirty years after Nemed. These are their five chiefs, Gand, Genand, Rudraige, Sengand and Slaine.

§47. As for Fergus Red-Side and his son, Britain Mael of whom are all the Britons in the world, they took Moin Conain and filled with their progeny the great island, Britannia Insula: till Hengist and Horsa, the two sons of Guictglis, King of the Old Saxons, came and conquered them: and they drove the Britons over the borders of the Island. These are the adventures of the progeny of Nemed after the taking of Conand's Tower: unde the Historian cecinit ...

...They were not in security as regards oppression-- the progeny [of] Nemed - at the hands of Conaing with hard body and at the hands of More son of Dela .

Two-thirds of their shapely children, it was not generous against military weakness-- a lasting tax through ages of the world-- twothirds of corn and of milk ...

... Conaing's tower with store of plunder of a union of the crimes of hundreds of rapine, a fortress of assembly of the art of the rage of the Fomoire of the sea.
Lebor Gabala Erin

...Let us give adoration to most righteous Christ Who hath subdued the strongest floods; His is the world with its generation, His is every territory, His is Ireland. O Christ fair, with beauty of appearance, O Chief, apportioner of the haven of Paradise, Into Thy heaven, famous the place, O Chief of the world, mayest thou choose me!

“Oh, cursed is he who in time of trouble has to thrust his soul in the fire’s embrace, forfeiting help; he has nowhere to turn. But blessed is he who after death can approach the Lord and find friendship in the [God the]

Father’s embrace.” — Seamus Heaney, Beowulf

“The hermit said, ‘This is the way to be strong: when temptations start to speak in your mind do not answer them but get up, pray, do penance, and say “Son of God, have mercy upon me.” ”
Benedicta Ward, The Desert Fathers

Even Cleena had a more estimable side to her character. Some of the [daoine] around Carrig Cleena regard her in the light of a benefactress. In her neighborhood no cattle die from the influence of the evil eye, nor the malignant power of the unfriendly spirits of the air. Her goodness preserves the harvest from the blights that which dissipate the farmer's hopes. The [daoine] are the particular children of her particular care. She often appears, disguised in the homely garb of a [daoine] girl, to announce to some late wayfarer the expulsion from her dominions of invading spirits, and the consequent certainty of abundant harvest. Cleena is also stated to be in the Bay of Dublin, and to cry whenever the head of an old Milesian family dies.” — Traces of the elder faiths of Ireland; a folklore sketch; a handbook of Irish preChristian traditions, Wood-Martin, 1902

We laugh at honour and are shocked to find traitors in our midst.
CS Lewis, The Abolition of Man

But where's the heart as firm and true As hill, or lake, or Avondu?"
JJ Callanan

Donnchadh Ó Caoimh [924 AD]
»0 Sitric, who flees over the sea,
Stay to converse with us!
Since we cannot, O evil man,

Follow you out on the open sea.
You pledged your word in the south,
O Norseman of the azure blades,
To Cellachan of the fair hair,
That you would not destroy him in Erin.
You pledged a false word, O man,
That if the champion were destroyed by you,

Nobody after you should trust The oath of a Norseman.
The women of Munster will lament, If Cellachan comes to harm.
Caithréim Chellacháin Chaisil

... [Rí] appears to be an unique figure in the social order, on the one hand at its centre and on the other set apart from it; since just as the cosmos and the social hierarchy took form from the body of the first [Rí], so the entirety of society and the cosmos is incarnated in the form of the [Rí]. In other words, there is an identification of the [Rí] with the body politic, as well as with the land, in the relationship of microcosm to macrocosm. The [Rí] was thus expected to reflect the characteristic qualities of each of the classes of society, as well as perform specific duties to ensure the welfare of each.
Sacral Elements of Irish Ríocht Daniel Bray in This Immense Panorama: Studies in Honour of Eric J Sharpe, p107-109

When'er a man to lift the stone is found
From near the Funcheon or the country around,
The Faeries there can never again come
Their power is broken- their charms undone

Mo chloch thein a thug a thinn.

Drombeg stone circle (also known as The Druid's Altar) is a stone circle located 2.4 km (1.5 mi) east of Glandore, County Cork, Ireland. https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Drombeg_stone_circle#

There are seven things which overturn every (attempt at) dissolving (a contract[Or railroading a peace treaty for instance]) in [Féineachas] law: worthy witnessing[true evidence], paying-sureties[honoring the original agreements], undue lapses of time[waiting too long], immoveable rocks [understanding what they mean[, a long-memoried custodian of tradition [Senchaidhe Sírcuimnech], an old godly writing[manuscript evidence], a bequest in respect of death [honoring the wishes of the dead, Right Bp. Cornelius Ó Keeffe#]. Liam Breatnach, "Satire, Praise and the Early Irish Poet." Ériu, vol. 56, 2006, pp. 63–84. JSTOR, www.jstor.org/stable/30007051.

By the Funcheon's flowery side
Ah ! Donall, Donall, Donall of Glenore
Still he loved her, as he loved her In the sunny days of yore

A legend suggests that part of the O'Keeffe family fortune was thrown into the well in the yard to save it from Cromwell's soldiery. This is an often repeated story of those times, and it is perhaps sufficient to say that it has never been found...
Bíodh a ráidh ar áth féim a chomhailfeat frium chlana Eoghain ann. Cineadh Fiachach feirt a ndine a n-ólt gan ríghí, gan reacht (ríocht). -Millteoireacht le Mogh Ruithe ar nDaoithe an Ardrí

Thomas Charles Edwards (1994) has shown that the Irish law tract Críth Gablach describes a contract between [Rí] and people: the [Rí] has obligations (folad) to his people, and they have obligations to him. He observed that the contractual approach to Ríocht in Críth Gablach is

unlikely to have its roots in canon law, 'nor is it to be explained by any influence from Greek or Roman political thought for it stems from native ideas of lordship and contract' (Charles Edwards 1994, 119). We may add here that those very same 'native ideas of lordship and contract' find narrative expression in the account of Bres's reign in Cath Maige Tuired ...
Tomás Ó Cathasaigh

Mo Sgeal Féin Eoin O Siulleabáin Drom Mór, Mágh Calla, Carraig Cliona [Cliona's Rock] There is a big high rock in the parrish of Kilshannig, overlooking the valley of the Blackwater. It is said that Cliona the Queen of the [Túatha Dé Danann] of Munster lived in that rock and also that she had a home in a wave in Glendore. A part of the rock was used for making the concrete road into the Beet Factory from the main road. The stone of the rock was found to be very [resistant to drilling]; so [resistant] that the steel drill used for blasting operations could not hole it.
The Schools' Collection, Volume 0364, duchas.ie

**** A little woman of the shore Lamenting loud and waiting sore****

"I think of the women in my life struggling just to survive. I call them my mothers, my sisters, my friends, who endure tremendous acts of violence against them.With broken limbs, busted faces, amputations and sexual assaults - I stand here with you."
Malarndirri McCarthy

Nuala O'Faolain
"It can't be easy to batter someone to death. You have to be raging with hate and fury to do it. But there seems to be no shortage of men full enough of hatred."

“I think that at the start of a game, you’re always playing to win, and then maybe if you’re ahead late in the game, you start playing not to lose. The true competitors, though, are the ones who always play to win.”—Tom Ó Brady

Faithless is he that says farewell when the road darkens.
J.R.R. Tolkien, The Fellowship of the Ring

"In addition to their judicial role, [Rí]s could issue ordinances (rechtgae) in the event of an emergency—for instance, when their [Ríocht] wa s threated by plague or war...[Rí]s not only had the power to call on [na daoine] on behalf of the túath...but, as Críth Gablach suggests, were also obliged to do so under the threat of losing their honor price." — N.B. Aitchison, “Ríocht, SOCIETY, AND SACRALITY: RANK, POWER, AND IDEOLOGY IN EARLY MEDIEVAL IRELAND.”

Nuala O'Faolain “What makes a woman into a doormat? What makes her see some quite ordinary other person as a looming Goliath? And are not these relationships such an outrage to reality that they cannot last a lifetime?”

Eoghan numbering but a few brave men at this time ; such of them as had not been slain being dreadfully wounded, the great preponderance of the contest fell upon him, and all his foes wreaked their battle fury upon him, who had no other assistance than the nobleness of his blood, the hardiness of his heart, the height of his spirit, and his excessive bravery and power of endurance. — Cath Mhuige Léana

ADDRESS BY HIM EMPEROR HAILE SELASSIE I TO THE UNITED NATIONS

Oct. 6, 1963

“Until the philosophy which holds one race superior and another inferior is finally and permanently discredited and abandoned, everywhere is war. And until there are no longer first-class and second class citizens of any nation, until the colour of a [duine]'s skin is of no more significance than the colour of [their] eyes. And until the basic human rights are equally guaranteed to all... there is war. And until that day, the dream of lasting peace, world citizenship, rule of international morality, will remain but a fleeting illusion to be pursued, but never attained... now everywhere is war.”

As Irish people, we have our own historical trauma caused by colonialism and [An Gorta Mór]. I used to roll my eyes when I heard people go on about '800 years of oppression' but it actually does leave a legacy on people. The loss of our language left a huge mark and it has imprinted generationally, whether we realise it or not. 'Trauma is transmitted across generations — we even have our own historical trauma caused by [An Gorta Mór]' Jane Mulcahy Interviewed by Katie Byrne, The Irish Independent · April 2024

I would go so far as to say that when one is right up against the limits of the immemorial that one most experiences the moral obligation to bear witness to history, echoing the words of Beckett...: 'I can't go on, I'll go on.'
Richard Kearney, Strangers, Gods and Monsters

Most of the poetry in Irish has come from [difficult] times - crushed down! And poetry wasn't composed merely for the sake of composing a song; it came straight from the heart - and therefore it meant every word of what was said. — Hiúdaí Ó Duibheannaigh

"ESTRAGON: I can't go on like this.
VLADIMIR: That's what you think."
— Samuel Beckett, Waiting for Godot
from JJ Callanan, The Avenger
Momonia of Druids, green dwelling of song !
Where, where are thy minstrels? why sleep they so long?
Does no bard live to wake, as they oft did before,
McCarthy, [Ó Hassett], O'Sullivan Mór ?

O come from your hills, like the wares to the shore,
When the storm-girded headlands are mad with the roar !
Ten thousand hurras shall ascend to high heaven,
When our Prince is restor'd and our fetters are riven

Then, blest with Cleena's best and choicest gifts,
Together to thy home thou shalt return,
Where, while thy term of life on earth shall last,
The light of happiness shall ceaseless burn ; —
There shalt thou find, by Cleena's sovereign will,
The deadly feud between thy sires shall cease,

And all the bitter past forgot, henceforth
Thy kindred dwell in harmony and peace.
Echoes of Tyrconnel, Rebecca Scott

...the duine-uasal is our person—the aristocrat of Nature, and by nature. They are quite sufficient for us. Who are they? ...Our Duine-uasal is of our own genesis—our own special culture, and wherever they are, in their own Highland glen or at the ends of the earth, every beat of their heart says duine-uasal, duineuasal, for their own moral and spiritual sustenance first, and then by their influence, for the good of all humankind. It will be a very bad day and a very sad day indeed when the concept and inspiration of the Gaelic duineuasal falls out of the life of humanity. Let us earnestly hope and pray that it never shall...
The Gaelic Concepts of Life and of Death. H. CAMERON GILLIES, M.D. Dundee Highland Society PROPAGANDA PAMPHLETS No. 1, 1913

The warrior branch of noble Éibhir, My darling ever — my Buachaill Bán !"
"Rejoice ! Rejoice ! tho' long thy slav'ry, At last, Bright One ! he arrives — thy Chief ! He arrives — thy Champion — with hosts of brav'ry, Whose hearts are burning for thy relief. With armies bearing the flag of Erinn, On tall ships steering thy seas upon, Soon shalt thou crown with thy hand victorious Thy lover glorious — thy Buachaill Bán !"

History's witness will persevere. Let us muster as a ring fort To guard and cherish our oidhreacht... .
..May God look kindly on generations Past and present and yet unborn, Give fortitude, so we'll join together, Always willing to share and learn.
Tommy Frank Ó Connor

"Your noble friend will not accept pretension but will gently and very firmly

confront you with your own [unseeing]. Such friendship is creative and critical; it is willing to negotiate awkward and uneven territories of contradiction and woundedness."
John O'Donohue, Anam Cara: A Book of Celtic Wisdom

Ollamh Gearoid Ó Crualaoich, The Book of the Cailleach,
"[I]maginative life and cultural knowledge can be regarded as constituting a universe of discourse that is both a symbolic product of consciousness in Ireland and a symbolic process whereby Irish experience is represented and communicated within Irish consciousness and Irish culture. The term coimcne was used a thousand years ago to mean just such a shared universe of cultural discourse. Its literal meaning is 'mutual wisdom' and it emphasizes both the sharing of cultural knowledge and the central importance of the knowledge shared; such knowledge being necessary for the comprehension of life experience and the proper conduct of social life."

And see the Irish nation
Advance by rapid leaps and hops
To be a race of Saxon fops?
Ireland, that's what ye'll become
Wid all this education!
THE EMERALD ISLE or THE CAVES OF CARRIG-CLEENA
written by Basil Hood, composed by Arthur Sullivan and Edward German

"All education is a struggle," said Marchbanks. "I had to struggle against schools and universities, of course, in order to get time to educate myself, which I did magnificently." — Robertson Davies

"Education without values, as useful as it is, seems rather to make man a more clever devil." — C.S. Lewis

Unless it pleaseth Christ our Lord to smite the Fiend at length, And restore unto our Mother-land her Freedom and her Strength, To scourge the ghastly Gall from our sullied shores and, oh ! Bring the true and gallant Gael back a n-Erinn beo ! THE ATTRIBUTES OF ERINN. Gaeilge DURMID MAC DONAILL MAC FINEEN (THE SLENDER) O'SULLIVAN SANG.

The process which, if not checked, will abolish Man goes on apace among Communists and Democrats no less than among Fascists. The methods may (at first) differ in brutality. But many a mild-eyed scientist in pince-nez, many a popular dramatist, many an amateur philosopher in our midst, means in the long run just the same as the Nazi rulers of Germany: 'Traditional values are to be debunked' and mankind to be cut out into some fresh shape at the will (which must, by hypothesis, be an arbitrary will) of some few ... people...
C.S. Lewis,The Abolition of Man
Fair is foul, and foul is fair,
hover through fog and filthy air.
Willam Shakesphere, Macbeth

“A feigned amnesia around the uncomfortable aspects of our shared history” Michael D Higgins

If you are neutral in situations of injustice, you have chosen the side of the oppressor. Archbishop Desmond Tutu

The poets and writers responded in a language and idiom that could not be interpreted by the heathen invaders. It gives the poor Kerry masters, Piaras Feiritéar, Corca Dhuibhne, Geoffrey O’Donoghue of the Glens, who carried on Feiritéar’s work after he was hanged, outside Killarney as you probably

know, in 1653. Then Gneeveguilla gave us the great Aoghán Ó Rathaille (1675- 1728), followed by the abundantly talented rascal Eoghan Rua Ó Súilleabháin (1748-84)" Bernard O'Donoghue

THE WOUNDS OF THE LAND OF FODLA
Aoghán Ó Rathaille
Wicked, alien boars it was that forced us under great oppression ;
I beseech the only Son of God to grant relief to the-Gaels.

Is fearr an tsláinte ná na táinte.
St. James Connolly said about primogeniture and the disintegration of Gaelic Ways and Gaelic Laws. "The system of private capitalist property in Ireland, as in other countries, has given birth to the law of primogeniture under which the eldest son usurps the ownership of all property to the exclusion of the females of the family. Rooted in a property system founded upon force, this iniquitous law was unknown to the older social system of ancient Erin, and, in its actual workings out in modern Erin, it has been and is responsible for the moral murder of countless virtuous Irish maidens." St. James Connolly

"Mise Cailleach Bhéara bhocht, iomdha iongnadh amharcas riamh, chonnarcas Carn Bán 'na loch, cidh go bhfuil sé 'nois 'na shliabh." " I am the poor old woman of Beare, Many wonders have I seen, I have seen Carn Bán a lake. Though now it is a mountain.

THE OLD WOMAN: They were indeed splendid, times, but although our statutes and laws were a cause of terror to evil works (Romans xln, 3), yet there was no virtue in them unless spoken in my name. I argued the cause of the fatherless children and widows with the most powerful fluency, and in the judgment seat where I constantly sat to decide the causes of the

people, I cleaved always to the side of love and spirit of charity, neither did I suffer any witness to be perverted by crafty advocacy and crooked tricks. The guilt of the criminal I announced in very solemn words. The Church I constantly attended, and went with pious people to prayer and praise to the Lord, and my sermons sank deep in the hearts of the people. I went also with the young men to seek their wives, and when they had chosen them, I went with them to the wedding. By my advice they dwelt together in peace and comfort, but, alas! those happy days are gone for ever. From The Manx Quarterly, #23, taken from a booklet of 32 pages printed in Douglas about the year 1870

So that troubled time continued, woe that never stopped, steady affliction ... too difficult an ordeal. There was panic after dark, people endured raids in the night, riven by the terror.
Beowulf, Seamus Heaney

RTE Jenny Butler, UCC
Analysis: a rock in Co Cork in closely associated with many legends around Clíodhna and is known as a door to the Otherworld Special rocks and ancient sacred stones feature prominently in Early Irish literature and in legends. Some are linked to the sovereignty Banríon tradition where [Bean Sí] are connected with particular clans and areas.

"At the regional and local level", writes Gearóid Ó Crualaoich in The Book of the Cailleach: Stories of the Wise-Woman Healer, "the divine female represents the sovereignty principle in respect of more localized dynastic identity, as for example, in the case of the O'Brien dynasty of Thomond in North Munster (Aoibheall) and the O'Keeffe dynasty of East and North Cork (Clíodna)."

Clíodhna, whose name may mean "the territorial one", is also associated with Cork's McCarthy family line, to whom she is said to have passed the secret of the Stone, which is now housed at Blarney Castle, built by Cormac MacCarthy in the 15th century.

"The [Bean Sí] Clíodna together with Aoibhell and Áine constitutes a triad of Munster [Bean Sí]", with links to the banshee", explains Daragh Smyth in Earthing the Myths: The Myths, Legends and Early History of Ireland. It's referenced in a story that "there is no morning of the year when Clíodhna isn't outside of that Carraig before sunrise, combing her hair", an activity associated with the banshee. Indeed, Clíodhna is also regarded as the banshee that rules as Banríon over the [Sí] of south Munster. Patricia Lysaght explains that "the association of the deathmessenger with a former land [Bean Sí] who is now a bean sí is again evident in Clíona, territorial [Bean Sí] of south-Munster, and as such intimately connected with important families and individuals in the area".

from THE REFORMATION.
Written in the year 1652, by Samuel Butler.
From his Posthumous Works.

...Men of souls so base and low,
Meer bigots of the nation ;
Whose designs are power and wealth,
At which by rapine, power, and stealth,
Audaciously they vent're ye ;
They lay their consciences aside,
And turn with every wind and tide,
Puff'd on by ignorance and pride,
And all to look like gentry.

Crimes are not punish' d 'cause they're crimes,
But cause they're low and little :
Mean men for mean faults in these times
Make satisfaction to a tittle ;
While those in office and in power
Boldly the underlings devour,
Our cobweb laws can't hold 'em ;
They sell for many a thousand crown
Things which were never yet their own,
And this is law and custom grown,
'Cause those do judge who sold em.

from Tír Do Doirteach (A Land Poured Out Beneath the Feet ofMiscreants)
by Aoghán Ó Rathaille, 1670-1726
Tír gan eaglais chneasta ná clérigh! Tír le mioscais, noch d'itheadar faolchoin! Tír do cuireadh go tubaisteach, traochta Fá smacht namhad is amhas is méirleach!
A land without a meek church or clergy! A land which wolves have spitefully devoured! A land placed in misfortune and subjection Beneath the tyranny of enemies, and mercenaries and robbers!

When rich speculators prosper while farmers lose their land
when government officials spend money on weapons instead of cures;
when the upper class is extravagant and irresponsible
while the poor have nowhere to turn –
All this is robbery and chaos
It is not in keeping with the Caoi.
We join spokes together in a Wheel
but it is the center of the Wheel
That makes the wagon move...

Tao Te Ching, Lao Zi, Stephen Mitchell translation, modified

The rebellion of new ideologies against the Tao is a rebellion of the branches against the tree: if the rebels could succeed they would find that they had destroyed themselves.
C.S. Lewis, The Abolition of Man

非命上:

Now, how is this doctrine to be examined? Mozi said: Some standard of judgment must be established. To expound a doctrine without regard to the standard is similar to determining the directions of sunrise and sunset on a revolving potter's wheel. By this means the distinction of right and wrong, benefit and harm, cannot be known. Therefore there must be three tests.

What are the three tests?
[Ní hAnsa] Mozi said: Its basis, its verifiability, and its applicability.
How is it to be based?
It should be based on the deeds of the ancient sage-chiefs.
How is it to be verified?
It is to be verified by the senses of hearing and sight of the common people.
How is it to be applied?
It is to be applied by adopting it in government and observing its benefits to the country and the people.
This is what is meant by the three tests of every doctrine.
MOZI

Tréde conaittig fírinne: mess, tomus, cubus.
Trí rud a éilíonn cóir: breithiúnas, tomhais, consias.
Three things which justice demands: judgment, measure, conscience.

Dominion of the Sword 1640s English Pamphleteer Lay by your pleading, Law lies a bleeding; Burn all your studies down, and Throw away your reading. Small pow'r the word has, And can afford us Not half so much privilege as The sword does. It fosters your masters, It plaisters disasters, ... It talks of small things, But it sets up all things; This masters money, though

money Masters all things. It is not season To talk of reason, Nor call it loyalty, when the sword Will have it treason. The Cavalier Songs and Ballads of England from 1642 to 1684, edited by Charles Mackay

Imua e nā pōkiʻi f
Forward my brothers and sisters
A inu i ka wai ʻawaʻawa
And drink the bitter water
Aʻohe hope e hoʻi mai ai. There is no turning back now….

Sliabh Luachra

By Bertha McCullagh

Sliabh Luachra is, you know, such a vast area, but in a way undefined also. And it has produced some of Ireland's greatest poets, especially Aoghán Ó Rathaille and Eoghan Rua Ó Súilleabháin. It has also been the birthplace of An tAthair Ó Dinneen, Patrick Dinneen, who is responsible for our great Dictionary …Con Houlihan…the great journalist and writer and critic, when he was asked about Sliabh Luachra, he said, "I think it's a state of mind." And in a way, isn't that a wonderful description of an area which has given birth to so much, and that the state of mind which must have permeated the area here over the centuries is obviously hugely significant.

Sliabh Luachra was first noted in the Annals of Inishfallen in 534, and that stated the [Chief] of Luachar won a battle against Tuathail Mac Garbh. And it comes to that again in 741 with the death of Cuaine, the Abbot of Ferna, son of Cormac, [Chief] of Luachra….

Aoghán Ó Rathaille 1670-1726 Atá mo chóraid gan fuithin 's mo chuingir gan féar, gan fás, Atá anshógh ar mo mhuirear, Is a n-uillinn gan éadach slán; Atá an tóir ar mo mhullach, Go minic o Thighearna an stáit, Atá mo bhróga-sa briste, Is gan pinginn dá bhfiacha im láimh.

My cattle are shelterless, My team, unfed, thrive ill, In misery my people dwell, Their elbows through their clothes, A price is on my head At the landlord's will; My shoes are tattered, And no wherewithal to make them good

Imcallam in da Thurad, The Colloquy of the Two Sages, from the Book of Leinster, and translated by Whitley Stokes.
SAID FERCHERTNE 19. A question, O instructing lad, whence hast thou come?

NÉDE ANSWERED 20. Ní hAnsa...From the heel of a sage, 21. from a confluence of wisdom, 22. from perfections of goodness, 23. from brightness of sunrise, 24. from the hazels of poetic art, 25. from circuits of splendour, 26. out of which they measure truth according to excellences, 27. in which righteousness is taught, 28. in which falsehood sets, 29. in which colours are seen, 30. in which poems are freshened.

Fear-Muighe-Feine, —the plain of the Fenian men, — which [after the Anglo-Norman Invasion included the baronies of Condon and Clongibbon, together with what is at present called the barony of Fermoy, is walled in on the south by the Nagles mountains, and on the north by the Galtees and Bally-Houras,or mountains of Mole. ...Along its southern side flows the Blackwater, forming a succession of the most beautiful and romantic scenes in the south of Ireland. The whole plain anciently [and rightfully] belong[s] to the O'Keeffes.
Crag Thierna, or Corrin Thierna, a romantic steep, eastward of Fermoy, and celebrated in the legends of the peasantry as one of the great fairy palaces of Munster. [Also features Ó Keeffe in the legends]
Note in Ballads of Irish Chivalry, RD Joyce, p 122.

O'Hanlon ("Lives of the Irish Saints, vol v., p.103, at 4th May) says: -"In the county of Cork, barony of Duhallow, there is a holy well called Dromtariff. This well is famed for curing all sorts of diseases in men, and especially eyes.

"...it is [difficult] for us to imagine that three to four hundred years ago not a road existed in West Duhallow except paths and trails, mostly through open country (no fences), just catering for pedestrians, horses on the butter route and the movement of cattle who actually defined and decided and created the routes. In the 17th century and possibly earlier, we can only be sure of one highway or route through Duhallow and that was the road from Mallow to Castleisland which went through Ballyclough, Cecilstown, Kanturk and finally over Sliabh Luachra to Kerry. .. ..."The following article which appeared in the Gazetteer of Ireland circa 1846 under the heading Pobble O'Keeffe describes conditions in the Sliabh Luachra area of Duhallow around 1800 A.D. In the parishes of Kilmeen, Clonfert, Nohavall Daly and especially The Cork/Kerry border area where the great leap forward was to start under Government engineer Griffith and surveyor Weale who had been sent by the Government to do something to rectify the deplorable conditions that existed in the area. Boherbue Village: Historical Survey from Earliest Times to Present Day Louis McCarthy

"We shall tread the dust of ages,
Musing dream-like on the past,
Seeking on the broad earth's pages
For the shadows time hath cast ;
Waking up some ancient story,
From each prostrate shrine or hall,
Old traditions of a glory
Earth may never more recall."

Journal Of the Cork Historical & Archaeological Society,vol VIV second series 1908

Success to loved Erin, all blessings upon her !
While breezes Atlantic waft health to her shores,
And O may her sons by no act of dishonour
Make nations look towards her in scorn.
-Playwright John O'Keeffe

Ne’er were eyes so clear and blue,
Down by Funcheon’s river
Ne’er was heart so good and true,
Down by Funcheon’s river

Prayer for Friday.
CHIEF of the Friday,
Whose limbs on the cross were bound;
O Lord, Who didst suffer
Sharp pain in many a wound;
We lay us to rest
Beneath the shield of Thy might,
May fruit from the tree
Of Thy Passion fall on us this night.
Amen.

To the Trinity.
May the grace of the Holy Spirit fill us;
May the True Faith ever dwell within us;
May the Faithful's example be ever our guide;
In the Temple of Christ may we always abide;
The Eternal Trinity may we seek;
Our hope in Jesus may we keep;
Relief on the poor may we gladly bestow ;
In the path of God's will may we constantly go.
Amen.

O VIRGIN Mary, to us be given
A sight of thy glorious household in Heaven
Obtain for us, too, a glimpse of the Trinity
And the grace of patience in face of enmity.
Amen.
Prayers of the Gael, Paidreacha na nDaoine
R. MacCrócaigh, 1914, Lá Peadair agus Poil

Oh! St. Brigid. Saint most holy,
Dear Patron of our Isle
Oh, Make, Oh Make us Holy
Whatever foes beguile
Make us holy, still more holy
Make the pure one still more pure
With thy protection, St. Brigid,
Of blessings we are sure.

The Lamp of Love you lighted
In golden days of yore
Within the heart of Eirinn,
Oh, make it glow once more.
When heedless hearts would quench it
And ruthless foes assail,
Be near to shield and guard it, O Mary of the Gael!

Be near us, holy St. Brigid,
When suffring comes our way :
Be near us when the tempter
Would lead our souls astray.
Watch over all thy children,
Where'er on earth they be,
And keep them always faithful
To Eirinn, God and thee !

Songs of the Gael, Series 4,
Fr. Pádruig Breathneach, 1922

Cho sunndach ris an fhiadh, Cho teoma ri Coibhi Druidh.
As hearty as the stag, As clever as Coibhi the Druid
Ged is fagus clach do'n lar Is faigse na sin cobhain Coibhi.
Near though a stone be to the ground, Still nearer is the help of Coibhi.

“Sometimes you’ll think you’ll hear the groans of ghosts,
Thin, hollow wounds, and lamentable screams.” ...

'...In his book, Green and Gold: The Wrenboys of Dingle, local author Steve MacDonogh says, "The Wren is an explosion of light, color, and boisterous exhuberance in the midst of winter's gloom, and has continued as an unbroken tradition—changing, but never dying out." The great tradition in Dingle is quite competitive , with Wren Boys vying for bragging rights for "best turn-out", "best music," and "best rigs." ...'— Margaret Johnson, Irish Puddings, Tarts, Crumbles, and Fools: 80 Glorious Desserts

The O'Keeffes [are] Eóghannacts. Their original place was near Fermoy but were displaced soon after the Norman invasion cir. 1200 A.D. They held out somehow up to 1690 A.D. The three castles ... Duarigle, Dromiscane and Dromagh were erected by them.

A remarkable man of the O'Keeffe stock was Dónal na Cásca who kept worrying the planters after 1690 but at last was betrayed by Maigréad Ní Cheallaig. --as found at duchas.ie told by Ninety-four-year-old Mary O'Connor to Kate O' Sullivan both of Millstreet, Co. Cork

DONAL O’KEEFFE’S LAMENT. Air —“ She’s a dear Maid to roe.”

My name is Donal Dhu — an outlaw bold and true,
I ranged the country through, from Saxon bondage free,

Till I loved a maiden fair, with her glossy, curling hair,
But she sunk me in despair — she's a dear maid to me !

My sires were princes grand, within old Ireland's land
With many a knightly band they held their castles free,
Till the Saxon with them strove — an outlaw now I rove,
Lamenting my false love — she's a dear maid to me !

Pier brow like wintry snows, her cheeks were like the rose
That nigh Blackwater blows when summer decks the tree;
Her dark eyes glittered bright, full, full of love's delight,
—They haunt me day and night — she's a dear maid to me !

With gems of costly sheen I decked my mountain queen,
And glorious was her mien of beauty fresh and free;
Her step was like the fawn on Araglin's wild lawn,
Her smile was like the dawn — she's a dear maid to me !

Margaret Kelly was her name, and burning was the flame
That o'er our bosoms came when we first loved trustingly;
But her love grew false and cold, and her outlaw's life she sold
For the Saxon's worthless gold — she's a dear maid to me !

0 ! woeful was the hour that revenge o'er me had power
To slay my beauteous flower, when I knew her perfidy
—I drew my skian unblessed, and with rage and grief possessed,
I plunged it in her breast — she's a dear maid to me !

And now I've 'scaped the chain, and now I'm free again,
On many a battle plain I will let the Saxons see

What their traitor wiles shall prove, though an outlaw still I rove,
Lamenting my false love — she's a dear maid to me !
From Ballads of Irish Chivalry, Robert Ó Dwyer Ó Joyce
Boston, Donahoe, 1872

Colmcille made a verse (or rann)
For the rich man as well as the poor man — If you will not purchase heaven for yourself Your wife or children will not purchase it for you. Although pilgrimages and fasting and praying are good — Without false sighs (hypocrisy), In spite of all that, better still Is humanity, kindness, and hospitality. Seanfhocla Uladh/Proverbs of Ulster 1907, Énrí Ó Muirgheasa

Matthew 13
Just as the weeds are gathered and burned with fire, so will it be at the close of the age. The Son of Man will send his angels, and they will gather out of his kingdom all causes of sin and all law-breakers, and throw them into the fiery furnace. In that place there will be weeping and gnashing of teeth. Then the righteous will shine like the sun in the kingdom of their Father. He who has ears, let him hear.

Poem on the Day of Judgement Editor and translator: J. G. O'Keeffe An electronic edition https://www.ucd.ie/tlh/text/jok.eriu.3.001.text.html Doom! Not slight will be its uproar when the world will burn; it were meet, O Christ with grades [of angels], that Adam's seed should dread it.

Obdurate is the human race, harder than stones are their hearts when they heed not the many vast pains. When the earth will vomit forth the hosts of Adam's vast seed, when one blaze will fill both heaven and earth.

When the host of hell, the tribes of earth, the multitude of saints, the nine grades of angels will meet in one gathering when each question will be solved.

When the Brehon will pronounce righteous true judgements, awarding heaven to the chosen, increase of punishment to the evil folk.

§69. Íth surpassed the judges of Ireland in [wisdom] and in argument; and...settled every matter and every dispute that was before them. Then said Íth: Work just righteousness, for good is the land wherein ye dwell; plenteous its fruit, its honey, its wheat and its fish; moderate its heat and its cold. Lebor Gabála Érenn: The Book of Invasions

Tecosca Cormaic ('The Instructions of Cormac')
"Let him make make known every clear judgement...
Let him utter every truth,
for it is through the truth of the ruler that God gives all that."
天命
Goreu heddychydd — gwir. Best peacemaker — truth.

Tri saoghal fhada : saoghal an iubhair, saoghal an iolra, saoghal na Callighe Bhéara . Three great ages : the age of the yew tree, the age of the eagle, the age of Cailleach Beara.

Proactive, female creativity and power is thus seen, in Irish ancestral culture, to be the major source from which emerges both the general form of the physical universe and the security and well-being of the social order in times of stress. Ollamh Gearóid Ó Crualaoich

A Spinning Wheel Song from the Irish
Luirin a lurtha, lurtha lartha, Go by the river, and bring me my lover.
Luirin a lurtha, lurtha lartha, 'Tis Conn O'Keeffe I'll bring to you over.

Luirin a lurtha, lurtha lartha, He has hundreds of kine, but never my favor.
Luirin a lurtha, lurtha lartha, Go by the river, and bring me my love.

Luirin a lurtha, lurtha lartha, 'Tis Harry the Tall I'll bring to you over.
Luirin a lurtha, lurtha lartha, His head is at Cork and his heels are at Dover.

If the children of Éibhear had not lost The sovereignty of the famous Cashel, The family of O'Keeffe would not rest Without claiming its undoubted right.
Tadhg Mac Dáire Mac Bruaideadha (1570–1652)
translated by Michael Longan

Early in 1848 [The Irish Holocaust]. the British Imperial Government in London...began its meticulously organised [trafficking] of young [girls] from Irish workhouses. ...Boards of Guardians of Irish Poor Law Unions asking if there were any [children] 'between the ages of fourteen and eighteen' in their workhouses willing and eligible for a passage to Australia... http://www.irishfaminememorial.org/history/earl-grey-scheme/

They tried to forget about us. Geographically isolated from each other and even further from wider society which let us know with every encounter just how uncomfortable our presence made the dominant culture.
Dara Quigley, They Tried to Bury Us

The Female Factory, opened in 1821 at Parramatta [Australia]...because of the perceived fallen nature of the women...the degraded nature of society...100 male convicts to every 17 women convicts...to save females from prostitution...was it a haven or a gaol, was it workship, hospital, marriage bureau...Certainly the latter, since ticket-of-leave men called their, on their way to the bush, to look for a wife....Kenneally, The Great Shame

“Together we understood what terror was: you're not human anymore. You're a shadow. You slip out of your own skin, like molting, shedding your own history and your own future, leaving behind everything you ever were or wanted to believed in. You know you're about to die. And it's not a movie and you aren't a hero and all you can do is whimper and wait. ”—
Tim O'Brien, The Things They Carried

Edna O'Brien “On the island of tears, we were subjected to every kind of humiliation”

For in abject prayer, the people there
Still raised their fettered hands,
When the sense of right and the power to smite
Are the spirit that commands ;
For those who'd sneer at the mourner's tear,
And heed not the suppliant's sigh,
Would bow in awe to that first great law
A banded nation's cry !

At length arose o'er that isle of woes
A dawn with a steadier smile,
And in happy hour a voice of power
Awoke the slumbering isle !
And the people all obeyed the call
Of their chief's unsceptred hand,
Vowing to raise as in ancient days
The name of their own dear land !
Denis Florence McCarthy
A DREAM OF THE FUTURE, Songs of the Gael 4.

I acclaim the Cauldron of Érmae with understandings of grace with accumulations of knowledge with strewings of imbas, the estuary of wisdom the uniting of scholarship the stream of splendour the exalting of the un-noticed ones the mastering of language quick understanding the darkening of speech artificer of coimcne the cherishing of pupils, where what is due is attended to where senses are distinguished where one approaches musical art where knowledge is propagated where the calm and gentle and capable are enriched where the good people who have gone unnoticed gain notice and respect where legendary names are exalted where praises are related by lawful means with distinctions of

competencies according to the needs of the people with pure estimation of nobility with the fair speech of wise people with streams of scholarship, a noble brew which is brewed the basis of all knowledge which is set out according to law which is advanced to after study which imbas quickens which joy converts which is revealed through sorrow ; it is an enduring power whose protection does not diminish.

I acclaim the Cauldron of Érmae. The Cauldron of Érmae grants, is granted nourishes, is nourished magnifies, is magnified requests, is requested acclaims, is acclaimed preserves, is preserved arranges, is arranged supports, is supported. Good is the source of measuring good is the acquisition of speech good is the confluence of power which builds up strength. It is greater than any domain, it is better than any patrimony, it brings one to wisdom, it separates one from fools.
Coire Filíochta based on translation by Liam Breatnach Ériu, Vol. 32 (1981), pp. 45-93 (50 pages) Published by: Royal Irish Academy

They saw this Ireland trampled dowm ;
They hoped no mercy from the foe ;
In wasted field and ruined town
Altar and hovel tumbled low ;
And by the Harp that wears no Crown
They swore to lay the Saxon low.
John F. O'Donnell, The Question, Mór Cluana air

Forbhais Droma Dámhgháir/
Fiacha Muilleathan gives Fermoy to Mogh Ruith and descendants ***forever*: "The soil of this area was brought to Mogh Roith and this was earth he chose as his own saying: 'Sliab um figh. figh um magh. magh cu srothaihh sainemlaibh. fo midhabunn. fo sruthabunn. fo nemhleith. rasuighthe sealg. sernfaid slechtaibh. sluaghuibh sochaidibh solmhaibh. airdíbh echtghonaighaigsig anairmrinnid. iarann fou, iarunn forro. fir mhu mna fir mu maic. fir mu cliom. fir muichit. fir dianaibh togairter do neimib nathrach do chaidib dracon. co lutha lonnaidi co lainnibh langhaile. mar luisin lanadhbhuil. fo lasair lainerdha. letras fraech for cocnus figh silas sliabh". Sliab.'**

From O'Heerin's Topographical Poem I take the following, in which there is mention of the Abhainn Mor :—

" Fuair O' hAoda do brond ba, Muscraighe leathan Luachra ;
Fine glan fhuinn an ghloir ghil, Imon Abhainn Moir Maighrigh. "

"Oh Aodha, who bestowed cows, has got The wide Muscraighe Luachra;
A tribe of fine land and high renown, About the salmon-full Abhainn Mor."

Journal Of the Cork Historical & Archaeological Society,vol VIV second series 1908

In these dark days of doom and disaster,
Is it dead, the old love for our land ?
Are our bosoms less brave than our fathers' ?
Comes the sword-hilt less deft to the hand ?
No, we've proved us the wide world over,
Wherever war's surges have rolled ;
And we'll raise once again in old Ireland
Our colours, the green and the gold.

RD Joyce, Songs of the Gael

Three profitable labours in the day : praying, working, reading.
—Regula Choluimb Cille (Zeitschr., 111., p. 29)

the four things that resemble earthly glory (wind, smoke, sleep and a flower) : the worst sin (pride) ; and the greatest good (humility).
Book of Lismore

The woman of the house would not let anybody take a coal of fire while she was making a churning because she thought he would take the luck and butter with him.... ...When the butter is made the bean -an- tige blesses the churn and the butter. She puts luck on the cows in this way. The butter-milk that is left is used for making cakes. It is sometimes given to the pigs. Churns from Duchas.ie Maureen O'Keeffe Old Road. Tuam. who got it from her Mrs. O'Keeffe Old Road. Tuam

There is a proverb to be used at times " getting out is different from going in." ...Were I the only man alive of Eibhear's race — that is the truth of the matter — I would not leave you a single foot of land in the North as the price of peace with you.
Art Óg Ó Caoimh,CONTENTION OF THE BARDS

“westminster-abbey.org:

Bhí an tráth sin duine uasal naofa in Éirinn, eadhon, mhic Néill; fear a chomhlíon aitheanta Dé agus a choimeád é féin faoi chuing chrábhaidh agus a d’fhulaing pian agus sciúirse ar son an Tiarna. B’é searbhónta dílis *diongbháilte* Dé é óir ba ghnách leis a chorp a chéasadh ar son grá Dé agus mar luach saothair dá anam. Sciath chosanta in aghaidh ionsaithe an diabhail agus drochbhéasa eile ab ea an fear mín muinteartha mórbheartach sin.

There was a certain noble, distinguished holy patron in Ireland, son of Niall; a man who fulfilled God's command and bore the yoke of piety, and endured persecutions for the Lord's sake. He was God's own worthy servant, for it was his wont to [take up his cross] for love of God and to win a reward for his soul. A sheltering shield against evil attacks of the devil and against vices was that gentle, friendly, active man.
Buile Shuibhne The Frenzy of Suibhne English translation by J. G. O'Keeffe

Gach tráth a rinne Fir Mhumhan iarracht sos a thógáil
***is ansin a* ghríosaigh Mogh Roith iad brú ar aghaidh gan stad gan staonadh**

Rosc Catha na Mumhan
Daithníos fein gan bhréag ar fhuacht ' S na anfaithe theatar taobh le cuan
Ar canadh na néan go séarseach suairc Is go ghearfadh mo sheasar glé gan ghruaim

Measaim go rubhach do Mhumhain an fhuaim
' S dá maireann go dubhach de chrú na mbuadh
Torann na dTonn le sleasaibh na loing
Ag tarraingt go teann 'nár gceann ar gcuaird.

Tá lasadh san ngréin gach lae go neóin Ní taise don rae, ní theidhin f e neól
Ta barra na gcraobh ag déanamh sceóil Nach fada bheidh gaedhil i ngéibheann bróin

Tá Aoibhill ar mise gus Áine óg, Agus Clíonadh an bhruinneall is áille snódh
Táid mílte gus tuilleadh den táin seo fós Dá suidheamh le buile gus tháinig an leoghan

Is annamh dom maidin ar amharc an laoi Ná bainim chum reatha go farraige síos Mo dhearca ar leathadh ag faire do shíor Ar bharcaibh an fharaire ag gearradh na slí

Cruinnigheadh gach duine d'fhuill Mhileadh tréin Go ruitheann 'na chuisle den bhfíor fuil braon Do mhilleadh le dlighthe do crádhach le claon Go mbuailfidh se buille le báire an tséin.

Rosc Catha le Mogh Ruith Buinn fria bráth Brígh fria dloimh ceannbheach cath. Dígla (díglá) daigh ó bhrígh aird saer ní cheal go bhrígh mbáin. I ndeoin áedh ón tsruth theas dían túar brígh go sruth thuaidh. Slúaigh nár thib. Cinnbhea damh fó gach colg re a ndul amach i ndeoin ard cinnbhea damh fo barr scíath a ghlinn. Brigde go háth Cliath in arbáid sin Cíd na conn, bed fo mblog, for mbia mairg romhuidh. Díl rom chealt. Ceannmahr, Muiche, Buireach, Beant, Or nár comhbhrígh friu (go) beacht, Dóibh bás olc. Fía muinter, cinnbhea damh. Toradh toinn, ní bat gluinn faífait buinn.

BARDS OF MUNSTER Confining our attention to the south-western province, we find the scribe of the bishop-chief...also introduces a visit from St. Patrick's angel, who is named Victor, and who prophesied that the supremacy of Éire would be perpetually in this place. His deduction from the premises is that, " the tribute and service of the men of Eire are always due to the chief of Cashel." "The Restrictions and Prerogatives of the [chiefs] of Eire," compiled by a bard in the 11th century. According to this singular record of superstitious observances, the chief of Munster enjoyed, as a prerogative, " the cattle of Cruachan at the singing of the cuckoo...

The power of the chiefs was broken...and the clan lands were settled by foreigners. The old Gaelic customs and traditions which had been in use from ‘time out of mind' had been pushed aside, and the persecution of the

[Aboriginal Irish Catholic] population was unremitting...
http://okeeffeclans.com/okeeffefamilies.html

'In the previous month a mob had pummeled the king's carriage [George III], shouting 'Bread!, Peace!, No Pitt!.'[Pitt-sburgh?] The House of Lords and the House of Commons used this incident as an opportunity to raise the alarm and pass two so-called 'Gagging Bills' which severely limited the freedom of speech. These circumstances made it precarious to publish political dissent. Although these oppressive laws were passed after O'Keeffe's publication, the work conveys the author's alertness to the danger of political persecution: 'It has been insinuated to me by some of my friends, that the present ministry may be apt to take offense at any publication that tended to enlighten and instruct mankind.' Despite the potential charges of seditious libel, O'Keeffe claimed authorship of his pamphlet, ' I do not hesitate to put my name on this pamphlet'... Dr J.A. O'Keeffe: Irish Mediator of Kantian Philosophy. Life, Work and Legacy Monika Class Eighteenth-Century Ireland / Iris an dá chultúr Vol. 22 (2007), pp. 206-214

Wherefore St. Findchua left to Munstermen, from that time forward till Doomsday, to defeat [evil] foreigners and every host besides when charging down a height ; and verily this is fulfilled...
Lismore Life of St. Fanahan

... the indigenous populations...were profoundly affected by the colonists of their midst and by a sequence of political disasters in which they were progressively disempowered; ; their 'witch-doctors' and wise [people] saw the reversal in terms very similar to colonized peoples at other times and places.
from Old World Colony Cork and South Munster 1630–1830 David Dickson

Ollamh fileadh

Lia Draíochta le Mogh Ruith Ailim mo lic laeme Nárobh é thaidhbhsí tháidhe Bíodh breo a bhrisfes báirí re chath chródhe Cláire. Mo chloch thein a thug a thinn. Bíodh nathair dearg a dhobhair mairg cur a bhfillfe a fhoraim. Bíodh muireascann (reascán) mholach fiadh seacht gconga dée ró-dhaimh idir thonnaibh tré-oll Bíodh badhbh idir bhadhuibh a scéaras corp re hanmuin. Bíodh nathair nóis-naidmuibh um corp Colptha ollmhór ó dtalamin go a cheann, anbhoig sleamhan a bhirrcheann an rot ruibheach a reaghtainn. Bíodh drais gharbh imtéinn (im'thein) mairg a ticfa a thimpeall. Mo dhraic thairbeach (dhraictháir beach) teann, canfait uais is uagtair, mairg co a shín fae shurdghail do Cholptha agus do Lurga a laifider f'aill. An trascradh nosthrascainn. Is fastad nosfhastainn. Is nascadh nosnascainn. Mar bhís féithe im'chrann. Coiscfider a bhfoghaill, meathfaider a monair, beith a gcoirp fa chonnuibh. Ar ath olair air (a rath olair air/ara tholair air) go mbearrbhais leo leinibh gan troit is gan deabhaidh a gcoscair re a gceannuibh. Cé maith eadh budh áil, áilim.

'the first place in the files of Munster's army for my successor who shall have in perpetuity the rank of a provincial[cúige, 6/5] [chief]...; that the [Chief] of Munster should choose his counsellor from among my descendants;... that I am given the territory of my choice in Munster.' ...among other terms... 6 http://www.shee-eire.com/Magic&Mythology/Myths/Heroes&Heroines/SiegeKnocklong1/siege.htm

When the wheel of life runs out and peace come over me Just take me back to that old town between the hills and sea. I'll take my rest in those green fields, the place where life began, With those Boys of Barr na Sráide who

hunted for the wren.
Boys Of Barr Na Sráide, Sigerson Clifford

Dara Ó Briain 'There are three states of legality in Irish law. There is all this stuff here under "That's grand"; then it moves into "Ah, now, don't push it"; and finally to "Right! You're taking the piss."

"Even now, I'll admit, the story makes me squirm. For more than twenty years I've had to live with it, feeling the shame, trying to push it away..." — Tim O'Brien, On the Rainy River

Nora K. Chadwick 1935 Imbas Forosnai by Nora K. Chadwick Scottish Gaelic Studies, vol 4, part 2, pp. 97-135 Oxford University Press (1935) Imbas: Poetry, Knowledge and Inspiration Isolde Ó Brolcháin Carmody from Story Archaelogy ' The filid, "poets", of early Irish society were not poorly paid struggling artists: they were held in the highest esteem and a crucial part of culture. Indeed, the word fili, "poet", more literally means "seer", and the ollamh, "great poet, chief poet", had comparable status with the [chief] of the túath, "petty [chiefing]", and the bishop in Christian times.

... it was the typical conventional Irish poet of the eighteenth century who suffered most. It was a miserable time and the gift of song only meant for the poets keener sensibility, outraged pride, bitterness at their fallen estate and the downfall of the Gaeldom.
Cúirt Oíche, Merriman,edition Foghluda, Beaslaí, 1912, Introduction

The Brehon Laws by Laurence Ginnell, 1894 'It cannot be doubted that in Ireland, as in Gaul, the most learned, the most sage, and the most virtuous [daoine] of the nation were druids or priests of that religion. Their superior learning enabled them to become more than priests; magicians if you will,

but certainly philosophers, astronomers, judges, bards, literary [daoine], musicians, physicians, seers or diviners of future events, and many other things, and may have given them a choice, almost a monopoly, of all the offices which required learning. Their magic consisted mainly in their superior knowledge in times of general simplicity...'

The folk tales featuring the claidheamh soluis typically compels the hero to perform (three) sets of tasks, aided by helpers, who may be a servant woman, "helpful animal companions", or some other supernatural being. The majority of are also bridal quests (or involve the winning of husbands in e.g., Maol a Chliobain). The sword's keeper is usually a giant (gruagach, fermór) or hag (cailleach), who oftentimes cannot be defeated except by some secret means. Thus the hero or helper may resort to the sword of light as the only effective weapon against this enemy. But often the sword is not enough, and the supernatural enemy has to be attacked on a single vulnerable spot on his body. The weak spot, moreover, may be an external soul concealed somewhere in the world at large (inside animals, etc.), and in the case of "The Young [Rí] of Esaidh Ruadh", this soul is encased within a nested series of animals. The crucial secret to the hero's success is typically revealed by a woman, i.e., his would-be bride or the damsel in distress (the woman servant held captive by giants)....

'Áer is traditionally translated as 'satire' and has been the focus of a certain amount of attention in medieval Irish studies in recent times. DIL (10) defines áer as '(a) cutting, incising; (b) act of satirising, lampooning, defaming'. It also refers to the word rind/rindad 'cut, cutting' for comparison, and this Dillon (1953a, 82, note on l.10) translates as 'point' which in turn equates with the modern Irish word rinn, meaning 'point, tip', i.e. rinn sleá, rinn claímh 'point of spear, point of sword' (Ó Dónaill, 1977, 1001). Thus áer has affinities with rind(ad). Binchy (1941, 69) describes áer as

a 'formidable weapon with which members of the poetic orders (grád fhiled) enforced claims either on their own behalf or on behalf of other persons who employed them…To satirize a person without lawful ground is a delict which entitles the victim to recover the full amount of his honourprice as a penalty'.....We understand, therefore, that satires such as this were believed to contain a demonic power which had the capacity to cause the death of the victim. Whether this story is true or not does not matter, for tradition accepted it and that is what makes it significant; the 'word could kill; and in popular belief it did kill' (Elliott, 1960, 15).... -Satirical Narrative in Early Irish Literature Ailís Ní Mhaoldomhnaigh Ph.D. Degree NUI Maynooth, July 2007

Now along with Patrick was one that to Muiredach mac Finnachta Rí of Connacht was an óglaech attached to his person: Corc mac Dairine, son of the Rí of corca Dhuibhne or 'the barony of Corcaguiney' in Kerry, and he said: Caeilte, my soul, there is a question I would fain put to thee: why is a certain wave called tonn Chlíodhna or 'of Cleena,' and another one tonn Téide or 'of Téide'? Caeilte said then: "It was an óglaech of trust that Finn had: Ciabhán, son of Eochaid Red-weapon Rí of Ulidia in the north; and he was so that, as the moon in her twelve provinces exceeds in brilliance all stars of heaven, even such was the measure in which for form and feature that young man outshone all Chiefs' sons in the world...
Acallam na Senórach (The Colloquy with the Ancients) Translated by Standish Hayes O'Grady, 1892, from the Book of Lismore, Book of McCarthy Reagh

[CHAP. XXX] VARIOUS SOCIAL CUSTOMS 525] The three Tonns or Waves of Erin are much celebrated in Irish romantic literature. They were Tonn [Chliodhna] in Glandore harbour in Cork ; Tonn Tuaithe outside the mouth of the Bann in Derry ; and Tonn Rudraidhe in Dundrum Bay off the County

Down. In stormy weather, when the wind blows in certain directions, the sea at these places, as it tumbles over the sandbanks, or among the caves and fissures of the rocks, utters an unusually loud and solemn roar, which excited the imagination of our ancestors. They believed that these sounds had a supernatural origin, that they gave warning of the deadly danger, or foreboded the approaching death, of [chiefs] or ...chieftains, or bewailed ... a great chief's death. Sometimes when a [chief] was sore pressed in battle and in deadly peril, the Three Waves roared in response to the moan of his shield ...

Fragarach (or Freagarthach), known as 'The Answerer' or 'The Retaliator', was the sword of Manannan mac Lir and later, Lugh Lamfada. It was said that no one could tell a lie or move, with Fragarach at his or her throat, thus the name 'Answerer'. It was also said to place the wind at the user's command and could cut through any shield or wall, and had a piercing wound from which no man could recover.

“Near this place lies the Body of ARTHUR O'KEEFFE Esqr. Lineally descended from the [Chiefs] OF IRELAND, The best of Husbands and the worthiest of Men. Deceit and Guile he knew not: Honesty was an innate principle in him.

..a prudent, chaste, and amiable man was he ; and a learned and truly skilful poet, as well as an expert and cultured scholar, in the original tongue of his country and of his ancestors... There you have, O stone—my loss !— beneath your side, weak, a priest who was cultured, and who was perfect in the law of the Son of God ; a radiant watchman of the blood of O'Keeffe, bravest in the fight ; a historian who for a season wrote truthfully about the Gaels.
Bishop John O'Brien, 1726, from the Gaelic

on the gravestone of Saint Fr. Eoghan O'Keeffe

Doneraile Catholic Church Church of the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin Mary By Michael Shine
The first parish priest of Doneraile enrolled under the Registration Act was Tadhg O'Dálaigh, pastor from 1686 to 1717. He was ordained in Rouen in France in 1669. He lived in Carker, was a Gaelic poet, and, probably said Mass legally on the Mass Rock in Carker Middle. He was succeeded by Eoghan O'Caoimh who was in charge of the parish from 1717 to 17 26. He had been married, and was ordained a priest after his wife's death. Eoghan was an even more famous Gaelic poet and scholar. He is buried in front of the ruin of the old churh of Rossdoyle in Oldcourt graveyard. Three of Eoghan O'Caoimh's successors are buried within the walls of this medieval church. Their names and years of their ministry are: Fr. John Cotter (1739-1784), Fr. James Cotter (1784-1799) and Fr. Lewis Walsh (1799-1815).

A PORTRAIT. From an unnumbered loose sheet of MS. in the Franciscan Library, Merchants' Quay, Dublin. By J.G. O'Keeffe, 1912, for Kuno Meyer Gaeilge: https://archive.org/details/cu31924026503148/page/n267 1 The mind of my dear comrade seek ye not for fear of reproach; even were it possible to find it tis certain its like could not be found. 2 Reserved is the mind of Ua Fiachrach. ever -gentle, soft-spoken youth; friendly towards all to whom he comes, yet loving not one in twenty. 3 A trick at each corner of the board even to the extent of changing the chessmen; as he places his snares destruction is certain that is the secret of my companion's gambling. 4 A fickle man who is of us and of you, a hand with every hand that is strongest even to the extent of throwing the dice; the most faithful man in the world.

Cáem, cáoimh from eDil.ie1114 dear, precious, beloved; belonging to the

family im chorpu aiso coim `of their loved ones' dear, precious, valuable fair, beautiful, lovely Of speech: coil ¬ cóim `simple and beautiful' fitting, suitable, appropriate : ma do ti dam caem, caomh prompt, ready, willing friend, relation; comrade noble, aristocrat blaī būaid cuirm- thige co coīmaib the privilege of the ale-feast with nobles (one of the occasions on which a lord is exempt if subjects are hurt) banchóem noble woman

His name is associated in semi-myth form an earlier period in which he was said to have been assisted by the Druid Mogh Ruith in war, and afterwards married the Druid's daughter Clíodhna, head of the Munster [Banshees].

Mogh Ruith is a figure in Irish mythology, a powerful blind druid of Munster who lived on Valentia Island, County Kerry. He could grow to enormous size, and his breath caused storms and turned men to stone. He wore a hornless bull-hide and a bird mask, and flew in a machine called the roth rámach, the "oared wheel". He had an oxdriven chariot in which night was as bright as day, a star-speckled black shield with a silver rim, and a stone which could turn into a poisonous eel when thrown in water.

The wheel, more specifically the chariot wheel with six or eight spokes, was an important symbol in historical Celtic belief. Numerous Celtic coins also depict such a wheel. The half-wheel shown in the Gundestrup "broken wheel" panel also has eight visible spokes. Symbolic votive wheels were offered at shrines (such as in Alesia), cast in rivers (such as the Seine), buried in tombs or worn as amulets since the Middle Bronze Age.

Such "wheel pendants" from the Bronze Age usually had four spokes, and are commonly identified as solar symbols or "sun cross". Artefacts parallel to the Celtic votive wheels or wheel-pendants are the so-called Zierscheiben in a Germanic context. The identification of the Sun with a

wheel, or a chariot, has parallels in Germanic, Greek and Vedic mythology (see sun chariot).

All through the night I grumble at the lack of light Mumble wrongs, stumble on rights The Moon loses its Memory Cormac Ó Caoimh

Mogh Ruith Genealogy Rawlinson B 502, 157 Z36 Translated into english by Erik Stohellou Mug Roith, son of Fergus, of which come the men of Mag Fene. He went to learn the magic with the Druid Simon. And with him he made the rolling Wheel - which will come to Europe before the Doom - in the year before Simon had a fight with Paul and Peter. And Europe will therefore be addressed because of the pupil from each breed (?), who was with Simon in the fight against Peter. Cacht, daughter of Cathmand, [chief] of the Britons, was Mother of Mog Ruith. Roth son of Riguill educated him. Therefore, it is called Mug Roith. Two sons of Mog Ruith: Buan and Fercorb. DerDraig, mother of two sons of Mog Ruith and the mother of Cairpre Lifechar: two sisters from the Corco Barddeine de Dun Chermna. Dron, however, the daughter of Lairine was the wife of Mog Ruith. And the daughter of Mog Ruith was Tlachtga * and she was pregnant of the three sons of Simon before she came back from the East, and she gave birth to his three sons. And they brought the pillars of the Cnamchaill viz the only Remnants of the broken Wheel. Everyone blind, shall see it, deaf, hears it, dead, it will fall on him. © Erik Stohellou - 2011**

The wheel of fortune and thimble-man. So now for to end my conversation I must put a end to those few lines It is in Killorglin we will reinstate him And every year till the end of time
https://www.duchas.ie/en/cbes/4687717/4686842
[As doilghi leam iná in t-écc.] 110. TLACHTGA. Tlachtga, canas ro aimnniged? Ni ansa. Tlachtga ingen Mogha Ruith meic Fergusa ... [Tlachtga,

why is she so named? Not difficult to say.]Tlachtga daughter of Mog Ruith son of Fergus: three sons of Simon Magus ravished her when she went with her father to learn the world's magic: for 'tis she that made for Trian the Rowing Wheel and the Stone in Forcarthu and the Pillar stone in Cnámchoill. Then she escaped from the east, bringing those two things With her, till she reached Tlachtga Hill; and there she lay—in and bore three sons, namely Dorb, from whom is Mag nDoirb, and Cuma, from whom is Mag Cuma, and Muach, from whom is Mag Muaich. And till these three names are forgotten in Ireland, [evil] foreigners' vengeance will not visit it. Whence Tlachtga is said.

As to the Wizard Mogh Ruith and the Rowing Wheel, which is to roll over Europe before Doomsday, crushing the tribes to which the pupils of Simon Magus respectively belonged, see the Bodleian ms. Laud 6lo, fo. 109a I, and O'Curry's Lecturer, pp. 272, 385, 401, 421, 423, 428. Of the pillar-stone of Cnámchoill it is said: Dall cach oen notn-aicfe, bodar each oen nod-cluinfe, marb each óen risi mbenfa, Land 6to, fo. 1o9fl 2, u Blind (Will be) every one who shall see it: deaf every one Who shall hear it, and dead every one against whom it shall strike n. In Ed. Tlachtga is said to have died in childbed, and over her the fortress Was built.

NOTE:Tlachtga is now the Hill of Ward near Athboy in Meath: Forrartlm is near Rathcoole in the co. Dublin; and Cnámchaill is Cleghile near the town of Tipperary. Mag Cumma, Mag nDoirb and Mag Muaich are now forgotten, so the prophecy as to [evil] foreigners' vengeance has been fulfilled.' -THE PROSE TALES IN THE The Rennes Dindienchas. Whitley Stokes

I think you should not have invented your story of the wizardry of the old druid Moghruith at oxen-rich Druim Damhghaire, seeing that it was all

superstition !
THE CONTENTION OF THE BARDS EDITED WITH TRANSLATION, NOTES, GLOSSARIES, Etc. BY REV. L. McKENNA, SJ.

'- a famous contention - the feast of John [will come] upon the Gael, so that there shall not be of the race of noble Gaels save one-third unslain. 42. The single third which will be left on that day of the host of the Gael and the [evil] foreigners, oh Son of Mary...' The Beheading of John the Baptist by Mog Ruith translated from Middle Irish by Annie M. Scarre, 1910

Caoimhín Ó Danachair. "The Holy Wells of Corkaguiney." The Journal of the Royal Society of Antiquaries of Ireland 90.1 (1960): 76. " MacDonough (op cit) explains:
A particular association of the [Tobar Nm. Eóin near Castle Minard] well which has contributed to the long survival of religious observance here is the legend connecting St John the Baptist with the Corea Dhuibhne people.

This legend asserted that John the Baptist was beheaded by an Irish druid called Mogh Roith (the Slave of the Wheel) from Valentia Island on the other side of Dingle Bay, and prophesied that the Irish people - and especially the Corca Dhuibhne - would be called upon to pay for the crime at a date when certain time divisions coincided.

In 1096 it was thought that the appointed time was approaching, and Ireland was seized with a panic... Rigorous fasting and prayer were undertaken, and it is probably from this date that the well derived its importance, along with many others dedicated to St John the Baptist."

Forbhais Droma Dámhgháir translated Seán Ó Duinn, Mullach Abú "The soil

of this area was brought to Mogh Roith and this was earth he chose as his own saying: 'Sliab um figh ... ' Mogh Roith made his choice of this territory and addressing his people he made certain recommendations to them: 'to be equally venomous and affectionate, and as wily as serpents living in the one nest. Their nature is to have so much affection for each other that no one of them prefers his own good to the good of the others. That is how I wish my family to be – to act together in harmony – and while such is the case the area around them will not resist their growth ... It is not by guarantees that I give my support but only by means of their own affection, being ready to abide by the contract and living in friendly terms with the descendants of Fiacha. When it happens, however, that they are at variance with each other, this will be the opportunity for the very people that I am helping today to come and oppress my family and deprive them of their land, so that they will disappear from destitution and the man from the mountains surrounding them will say: 'Wasn't this the territory that the famous Fir Maighe once occupied?' It is for this reason that I call them the renowned Fir Maighe for I recommend them to the skilled in every craft, to have a noble bearing and to be men who will always defend Mumhan." UCC Irish Sagas in translation Website

O'Donoghue, Brendan. A Moriarty Reader: Preparing for Early Spring (Kindle Locations 54-55). The Lilliput Press. Kindle Edition. What are poets for in a destitute time? ...[P]oets must be healers—healers who, healed themselves, heal us culturally, heal us, or help to heal us, in the visions and myths and rituals by which we live...

Become someone new Believe in something true -- Cormac Ó Caoimh

Elegy composed by Colman Macu Cluasaigh for Cuimine Fota, the patron saint of the See of Cloyne, who died on the 12th of November, 661 . The

quotation runs thus : — He was not more bishop than [chief]. My Cuimin was … Lamp of Erin for his learning; … Descendant of Coirpri, descendant of Corc, He was learned, noble, illustrious,— ...But 'tis no cause of grief I "Tis not to death he has gone

Journal Of the Cork Historical & Archaeological Society, March 1897
Cliodhna, the Queen of the Fairies of South Munster. [The following legend is from an old manuscript which I do not think was ever printed. It is dedicated – "To Keefe O'Keefe, esq., the representative of that illustrious sept, the following fairy legend is most respectfully by the Mathew Horgan, 1839
: THE DRUID AND HIS TWO DAUGHTERS. In the beginning of the eighth century there lived in the country of Alla a prince called Caomh, or "gentle", who was the head of the illustrious sept of O'Keeffe, and governed then a large tract, bounded on the west by the territory of Luacardhea (now Kerry), and extended to the east as far as the county of Waterford, including the fertile plain called Feur-magh-Feine (now Fermoy). Fermoy was the inheritance of the Draoi Ruadh, the last of the Druids, who had the reputation of great wisdom, experience and bravery. He was the faithful ally of the [chief] of Munster, whose life he saved in battle, together with his army, when reduced to the last extremity of the [chief] of Leathcuin. He raised a great storm by his art, which bewildered the enemy, so that they were under the necessity of laying down their arms and submitting to the mercy of the conqueror, who gave them their lives and liberty at the intercession of the Druid, on condition of yielding up the disputed lands and giving hostages for their future peaceable and good conduct.

"Many and sharp the num'rous ills Inwoven with our frame! More pointed still we make ourselves, Regret, remorse, and shame! And man, whose heav'n-erected face The smiles of love adorn, - Man's inhumanity to man

Makes countless thousands mourn! —Robert Burns, Man Was Made To Mourn: A Dirge, 1784

Three things whereby the devil shows himself in man: by his face, by his walk, by his talk. THE TRIADS OF IRELAND

990 Irish monks were martyred by the Danes in the monastery of Bangor.

Munther Benchuir. Trans. e Rev. W. REEVES, Ulster Journal of Archaeology, vol 1 ser 1, 1853.

Excellent the Rule of Bangor, Correct, and divine, Exact, holy, constant, Exalted, just, and admirable.

Blessed the family of Bangor, Founded on unerring faith, Graced with the hope of salvation, Perfect in charity.

1579 The martyrdom of the holy Bishop of Mayo, Patrick Hely, and his companion, Father O'Rourke...both martyrs were of the Franciscan order. They were hanged upon a tree, and their bodies remained suspended for fourteen days, to be used as targets by the soldiery.

IN the Abbey of the Blessed Virgin Mary of Assaroe in Tír Chonaill, the Abbot, Eugene O'Gallagher and Bernard O'Trevir, his Prior, and the other monks to the number of thirty, lived according to their rule, undisturbed from the first erection of the abbey till some years after the suppression of nearly all the other monasteries, while the power of O'Neill and O'Donnell lasted. But when they fled across the sea the monks too were forced to fly, and when they died at Rome in 1609, the English took occasion to seize on

their vast domains and possessions, threw down the monastery, and drove out the monks. The venerable Eugene O'Gallagher who happened to be away from his monastery, was slain by the aforesaid enemies through hatred of the faith. So too, Bernard O'Trevir, one of his monks, when flying from his persecutors, was slain near the monastery in the year 1606, in the same year and month as the Abbot, but not on the same day, and entered heaven wearing a martyr's crown.
https://www.mixcloud.com/ourmartyrspodcast/82-eugeneogallagherbernardotrevir-ocist/?play=fb

Father Peter O'Higgins OP, Prior of the Dominican monastery of Naas, hanged under orders from Sir Charles Coote, despite O'Higgins' welldocumented efforts to protect local Protestant civilians from sectarian violence during the English Parliamentarian rebellion of 1641, at Dublin on 23 March 1642.

... the martyrdom of Father Thaddeus Moriarty, O.P., Prior of the Dominican Abbey of Holy Cross, Tralee, who was hanged by the Cromwelhans in Killarney on October 15, 1653.

A.D. 1681 Constantine O'Keeffe is provincial of the Dominican order in Ireland.

A.D. 1726. Eugene O'Keeffe, P.P. of Doneraile died in France on the 5th of April, in this year. An elegy on his death, consisting of seven verses, was composed by William Mac Curtin, Esq. , of White- Church ; and another elegy consisting of thirty- two verses by Rev. John O'Brien .

One of the O'Keeffes of Duhallow held a reliquary a small, brass-bound, wooden box. The relic was a piece. of wood, said to be a portion of the true

cross ; it was of a triangular form, as large as a smoothing-iron, and called the Caoina or " Memorial." On this the people of the district used to swear, until the present parish priest (1856), Father Fitzpatrick, seeing the superstitious uses made of it, took it away from the proprietor. Of its existence nothing is now known.

By the end of the 12-year reign of Adolf Hitler in 1945, tens of millions of Catholics had died as soldiers, in forced labor, as civilian casualties in the fighting, or as victims in the gas chambers. Catholic churches, cathedrals, monasteries, convents, schools, universities, and monuments lay in ruins.... ...the 2,720 clergy sent to Dachau, 2,579 were Catholic priests, along with uncertain numbers of seminarians and lay brothers Catholic Martyrs of the [Nazi] Holocaust Shoah https://www.catholic.com MATTHEW E. BUNSON • 11/1/2008

From the Gaelic: Who would not mourn the soul of generosity, Pierce Ferriter, the very erudite, Teige O'Connor, and Bishop Egan Were hanged from a gallows on Sheep-hill [Fair hill] Others they transplanted and transported to Jamaica.
Journal of the Cork Historical and Archaeological society

Éire i bpáirt, Éire ar lár.

THE DUTY OF MARTYRDOM. The highest duty that ever comes to a man is not to do a deed of prowess or win a material victory, but to endure, suffer and die for truth and freedom. JB O'REILLY WATCHWORDS

Wrymes for the Wren The wren, the wren, [chief] of all birds On the Martyr's day he was caught in the furze Although he is little his family was great Rise up landlady and give us a trate

— Adapted from Jeremiah Gleeson, Tooreennamult, Co. Kerry, duchas.ie

'The lesser shaman heals individuals. The great shaman heals [their] people as a whole. [They] heal them in their founding and constituting charter myths. [They] heal them in their founding and constituting intuitions, orientations and practices. —John Moriarty, What the Curlew Said

Unofficial Healing in Ulster by ANTHONY D. BUCKLEY From Ulster Folklife 1980 vol 26 pp 15-34 All of the healers discussed regard health as something which cannot be paid for. All of the divine healers, and most of those who have the cure, though in different ways, regard their procedures as merely the instrument through which God heals the sick. It is widely felt that it is immoral to accept payments for practising divine healing or the cure.

As your tears fall over that wounded place, May they wash away your hurt and free your heart. May your forgiveness still the hunger of the wound So that for the first time you can walk away from that place, Reunited with your banished heart, now healed and freed, And feel the clear, free air bless your new face." John O'Donohue

from ERIN
WHAT need of new hero, with Brian? or preacher, With Patrick? or soldier, with Conn? With her dark Ollamh Fódla, what need of a teacher, Sage, ruler, and builder in one?
John Boyle O'Reilly

LAMENT OF O'GNIVE translated by JJ Callanan (Fearflatha O'Gniamh [True Prince, Child of the Chief Poet] was family ollamh, or Bard, to the O'Neill of

Clanoboy about the year 1556. The Poem, of which the following lines are the translation, commences with " Ma thruagh mar ataid' Goadhil.") How dimm'd is the glory that circled the Gael, And fallen the people of green Innisfail! The Sword of the Saxon is red with their gore, And the mighty of nations is mighty no more. Like a hark on the ocean long shatter'd and tost, On the land of your fathers at length you are lost, The hand of the spoiler is stretched on your plains, And you're doomed from your cradles to bondage and chains. O'Neill of the Hostages; Conn, whose high name On a hundred red battles has floated to fame, Let the long grass still sigh undisturbed o'er thy sleep; Arise not to shame us, awake not to weep! O bondsmen of Egypt, no Moses appears To light your dark steps thro' this desert of tears, Degraded and lost ones, no Hector is nigh, To lead you to freedom, or teach you to die!

[3 Mor is generally termed Mor Mumhan, i.e., Mor of Munster. In " Chronicum Scotorum," a.d. 633, is following entry: —" Bas Moire Muman," "death of Mor of Munster." Mor was a favourite Irish name. Mor, wife of Brian Boru, was mother of Murrough, Conor, and Flann. In " Silva Gadelica," p. 547, it is stated that Mor Mumhan was wife of Finghin Mac Aedha, chief of Munster, and mother of Deog, wife of Laighnen Mac Colmain, and afterwards wife to Guaire Aidhne Mac Colmain, chief of Connaught. According to the legend of Mor (" Book of Fermoy"), she was wife of Cathal, son of Fionguine, son of Cu-gan-mathair, but Cathal Mac Fionguine died a.d. 737, as noted by Todd. Aedh Bennan, father of Mor Mumhan, from whom are the family of O'Moriarty of Kerry, died in [???]Finghin, son of Aedh Dubh, was chief of Desmond (604-619), and brother of Failbhe Flann, ancestor of the Mac Carthy who was chief of Munster (627-636). The O'Sullivans .ire traced to Sullivan, eighth in descent from Finghin Mac Aedha, and the O'Keeffes are traced to Caomh, fourth in descent from Cathal Mac Fionguine

"Look not with a Medusa-mindset. Under Ireland's fields is Fódhla." — John Moriarty

'John Moriarty is one of Ireland's most important thinkers whose work speaks poetically and powerfully to many of the critical personal, cultural and global crises we are facing. Moriarty is a shaman, a wounded healer, whose patient is, as O'Donoghue tells us, Western culture itself. His diagnosis is that we have developed a pathological and dangerous way of seeing our world and ourselves. This way of seeing is so endemic that we are not even aware of it, yet it shapes our values and the choices we make everyday. Moriarty's prescription is radical: nothing less than a new way of seeing, one that views everything within and without as 'enfranchised' and that views ourselves as intimately and dynamically contiguous with our world. — Michael Kearney, Foreword to A Moriarty Reader: Preparing for

Details are confusing. It is only by selection, by elimination, by emphasis, that we get at the real meaning of things." — Georgia O'Keeffe

"When I despair, I remember that all through history the way of truth and love have always won. There have been tyrants and murderers, and for a time, they can seem invincible, but in the end, they always fall. Think of it--always." ― Mahatma Gandhi

"It was then I cried, cried for the fact of not having cried and for the immensity of tears yet to be shed." — Edna O'Brien

An rud a ghoilleas ar an gcroí caithfidh an t-súil é a shileas. What pains the heart must be washed away with tears.

From One Root Hush, I will hedge you round with mightiness Of my wild broke-up passions and desires— Fold you in magic garment of my prayer— So pain shall never touch your heart, nor fires Of Time obscure for you God's upper air. I put on sea-shells for you, so you'd know I had the secret of your origin… — Blánaid Salkeld

“Whether you succeed or not is irrelevant, there is no such thing. Making your unknown known is the important thing--and keeping the unknown always beyond you.” — Georgia O'Keeffe

“The ends you serve that are selfish will take you no further than yourself but the ends you serve that are for all, in common, will take you into eternity.” ― Marcus Ó Garvey

Those who try to control who use force to protect their power go against the direction of the Tao [Caoi] They take from those who don't have enough and give to those who have far too much.
Tao Te Ching, Mitchell trans

Is maol guatha gan bráthair
's is mairg bhíonn gan dearbhráthair
i n-am tagartha an ghlóir mhir
is mall agartha an éinfhir
'Bare is the shoulder without a cousin near
and woe to him that wants a brother dear
In time of boastful words the hand is slow
That strikes in battle with a single blow'

Ní·fríth ní·fuigébthar brithem bas fíriu cathroí.
(not was found * not will be found * judge * that might be * more true *

(than) battle-field)
A truer Brehon than the battle field has never been found, and never will be. https://www.sengoidelc.com/category/war/

The legend of Clíona Eugene Daly March, 2021
https://westcorkpeople.ie/columnists/the-legend-of-cliona/ Clíona is a supernatural lady in literary and oral tradition. Her name probably meant 'the territorial one' and represented a function of the patron [Bean Sí]. She is associated mostly with Glandore Harbour, but also Rosscarbery Bay and with Mallow. According to legend, she was the daughter of Mannanán Mac Lir, the predominant Irish sea god. One account of her story states she eloped from 'Tír Tairngire' (the land of Promise) with a handsome young warrior named 'Ciabhán' of the Curling Locks...
In the Middle Ages, Clíona was regarded as one of the principal otherworld women of Munster. She was said to reside in a palace near 'Carraig Chlíona', a conspicuous large rock in a lonely part of the parish of Kilshannig, near Mallow. To the 'filí' (poets), she was an inspirer of their art...As a femme fatale, Clíona enticed men to the seashore, and had a series of mortal lovers. Among them were 'Caomh', the progenitor of the O'Keefe family

[Clíodhna] is said to have drowned in the harbour of Glandore and the noise of the waves entering cliff caves near that spot has since been called Tonn Chlíodhna – Clíodhna's wave. Its noise is loud and sudden and is said to foretell the death of a [chief] or noble man in Ulster. Clíodhna foretold, that because of the way she was treated by mortals, a great wave sent by her, would one day engulf all of Munster.
http://bardmythologies.com/cliodhna/

Me and Pangur, my friend the cat sí, chasing mice,

Is like me the Gaelic law scholar judging the precise

Mug Ruith, rígfhili cen goí, ba breithem, ba suí Ro ngabsat Goídil ar [...] Níba rí, ba druí. Servant of the Many, a royal poet without falsehood, was a Brehon and a sage whom the Gaels took... He was not a (rí) [chief], he was a (draoi) druid. – 2005 Journal of the Cork Historical and Archaeological Society, John Carey

...Dharma root is "dhri", which means 'to support, hold, or bear'. It is the thing that regulates the course of change by not participating in change, but that principle which remains constant. Monier-Williams, the widely cited resource for definitions and explanation of Sanskrit words and concepts of Hinduism, offers numerous definitions of the word dharma: such as that which is established or firm, steadfast decree, statute, law, practice, custom, duty, right, justice, virtue, morality, ethics, religion, religious merit, good works, nature, character, quality, property. Yet, each of these definitions is incomplete, while combination of these translations do not convey the total sense of the word. In common parlance, dharma means 'right way of living' and 'path of rightness' wikipedia

Is aoibhinn dán draoithe is dáimh It is lovely, the druid's gift, it is a feeling of healthy family living Sgaoilfear cách atá fe'n amadh Everyone is released who is under the yoke Chíofar clár Uí Chaoimh gan spás We will see the clean slate of Ó Kieffe in no time 'Ge an Rígh nách nár, tá'n báire ag casadh The everyman, wild-goose chief plays a dangerous game

"On St Martins day every mill is closed in honour of St Martin because he was killed in a mill. On this day also the woman of the house kills some kind of a fowl and spills the blood of it at each door in the farmyard and at each door in the kitchen. This is celebrated every year by the people in the

country in honour of St Martin. ...On May eve a May bush is cut by some person in the house and put some place near the kitchen door. It is covered all over with flowers and egg-shells. This is done in a great many houses in the country each year. A great many old customs are dying out now.655 — Thomas Keeffe to Lawrence Fogarty, Ballykeenan, Co. Carlow

In these Gaelic proverbs, there is plain and consistent inculcation of the virtues of truthfulness, honesty, fidelity, self-restraint, self-esteem, sense of honour, courage, caution, in word and deed, generosity, hospitality, courtesy, peaceableness, love of kindred, patience...providence. There are none to be found excusing or recommending selfishness, cunning...or any other form of vice or meanness. Alexander Nicolson, 1882

"Our common home is being pillaged, laid waste and harmed with impunity. Cowardice in defending it is a grave sin."
Pope Francis

Pangur going in for the kill with all his customary skill while I, sharp-witted, swift, and sure, shed light on what has seemed obscure.
Maol-duinn

Fr. John Romanides Cuimhne go brách.
http://www.romanity.org/htm/rom.03.en.franks_romans_feudalism_and_doctrine.01.htm
Charlemagne had also caused the Filioque [adding “and the Son” after saying the Holy Spirit proceeds from the Father”]to be added to the Frankish Creed, without consulting the pope. When the controversy over this addition broke out in Jerusalem, Charlemagne convoked the Council of Aachen in 809 and decreed that this addition was a dogma necessary for salvation. With this fait accomplit under his belt, he tried to pressure Pope

Leo III into accepting it. Leo rejected the Filioque not only as an addition to the Creed, but also as dogma, claiming that the Fathers left it out of the Creed neither out of ignorance, nor out of negligence, nor out of oversight, but on purpose and by divine inspiration. What Leo is clearly saying, but in diplomatic terms, is that the addition of the Filioque to the Creed is a heresy.

Gabaltais Searluis Mor: The Conquest of Charlemagne, one of the texts in the Book of Lismore. Charlemagne replaced all the Gaelic monasteries throughout Europe with Benedictines.

Lorrha Missal Notes

Whitley Stokes, Irish Passages Stowe missal

water with the eucharistic wine is omitted [c]. In the Nicene Creed, *filioque* is left out; but is interlined by the later hand. The Agnus Dei is used.

Howbeit heaven's angels came to meet Patrick's soul, and took it with them to heaven with great honour and reverence. And though great be his honour at present, greater will it be at the meeting of Doom, when the men of the world will arise; at Michael the archangel's command. And the men of Ireland will go to meet Patrick to Down, and wend along with him to Mount Zion, where Christ will deal judgment to Adam's children on that day ; when, moreover, Christ will sit on His throne in glory judging the three households, even the household of Heaven, and the household of Earth, and the household of Hell. And the twelve apostles will sit along with Him on twelve thrones judging the twelve tribes of the children of Israel. And then will Patrick sit on his throne of judgment and Brehon the men of Ireland. For Patrick is the apostle for Ireland, and he is the father of teaching and faith for Irish- men, and he will be Brehon over them on Doomsday. And after the sentence of Doom, those who have fulfilled his

command and his teaching, in fastings, in prayer, in alms, in compassion, in gentleness, in forgiveness, and in the other divine commands, will go along with him into the heavenly Chiefdom
An Leabhar Eóghannachta, Lives of the Saints

Three Cries of the world The cry of the Israelites when they entered the Red Sea, The cry of Hell when Críost carried off his prey from it, The cry of Doomsday when the righteous separate from the sinners Book of Lismore

Our survival in 'peril' unless we 'rapidly repair and restore Nature'
King Charles of the English Peerage of Ireland in all 32 Counties of the EU after Brexit

LismoreBetha Nm Brenainn's 899.- Now since it is the souls of the saints, whose lot it is to inhabit for ever the Chiefdom of heaven, that make that lamentation, it were meet for the men of the world, though they should shed tears of blood expecting Doomsday, in quo die mala erunt. Now there will be many evils and tribulations on that day, that is, on the Day of Judgment, in quo dieJudexJustus sua suis reddet: impiis pcenas, pr&miajustis. Then will the Lord pay to every human being in the world his own wage. Punishment He hath for the sinful, reward for the righteous. Then the sinful will be cast into the depth of the eternal pain, and the lock of God's word will shut them up under hatred of the Brehon of Doom. Then the saints and the righteous, the folk of charity and of mercy, will be carried to the right hand of God the Father, to inhabit the Chiefdom of heaven for ever. Then they will abide in that great glory, in the unity of the Godhead and the Manhood of the Son of God : in the unity that is nobler than any unity, the unity of the holy, noble, almighty Trinity, Father, and Son, and Holy Ghost. 3912. I beseech the" high, almighty God, through saint Brenainn's intercession, may we all deserve that unity, may we reach it, may

we dwell therein for ever and ever ...

Caithréim Chellacháin Chaisil
Do you not think it a pity, O dear Donnchad [son of Caem]...
that the women of Mumhan should be in captivity— without deceit —
And that the Lochlannachs should carry off their cows?

I have often said, and written, it is [Forced Starvation] which must consume [the Irish]; our swords and other endeavours work not that speedy effect which is expected for their overthrow. English Viceroy Arthur Chichester writing to Elizabeth I's chief advisor, November 1601

“It is vital to understand the nature of the British imperialist mindset of that time” Michael D. Higgins, Uachtarán

Gablánach in rét in scéluighecht. (branching * the * thing * the * storytelling) Storytelling is an intricate business. Dennis K. Translated

In all countries, more or less, paupers may be discovered; but an entire nation of paupers is what was never seen until it was shown in [Occupied] Ireland. To explain the social condition of such a country, it would be only necessary to recount its miseries and its sufferings; the history of the poor is the history of [Occupied] Ireland. Gustave de Beaumont, French visitor, 1839

A Celt will soon be as rare on the banks of the Shannon as the red man[sic] on the banks of Manhattan. The Times, editorial, 1848

The race of talking potatoes is not extinct.
Benjamin Disraeli, UK PM, 1836

A creature manifestly between the Gorilla and the N--ro is to be met with in some of the lowest districts of London and Liverpool by adventurous explorers. It comes from [Occupied] Ireland, whence it has contrived to migrate; it belongs in fact to a tribe of Irish sava--s: the lowest species of Irish Ya ho o. When conversing with its kind it talks a sort of gibberish.... Satire entitled "The Missing Link", from the British magazine Punch, 1862

British historian Edward Freeman, writing on his return from America, about 1881;'This would be a grand land if only every Irishman would kill a n--ro, and be hanged for it. I find this sentiment generally approved

[...more like squalid apes than human beings. ...unstable as water. ...only efficient military despotism [can succeed in Ireland] ...the wild Irish understand only force. - James Anthony Froude, Professor of history, Oxford

“I am haunted by the human chimpanzees I saw along that hundred miles of horrible country...to see white chimpanzees is dreadful; if they were black one would not see it so much, but their skins, except where tanned by exposure, are as white as ours.” — Cambridge historian and Anglican priest Charles Kingsley, letter to his wife from Ireland, 1860

How godly a deed it is to overthrow so wicked a race the world may judge: for my part I think there cannot be a greater sacrifice to God. Edward Barkley, describing how the forces of the Earl of Essex slaughtered the entire population of Rathlin Island, Co. Antrim, 1575
As Colin Graham wrote in Deconstructing Ireland: Identity, Theory, Culture: “The very idea of nationality which was used by decolonising peoples to coalesce themselves into a coherent political force was itself transferred to

the colonies by imperialist ideology….This ideology was adopted and turned back unto the coloniser by the colonised in order to conceptually justify their own anticolonial struggle. The result is a postcolonial world of nation states which structurally and practically imitate western nations." Paul O'Brien, Hibernian Evanescence: Globalisation, Identity and the Virtual Shamrock

Mary McCarthy "To care for the quarrels of the past, to identify oneself passionately with a cause that became, politically speaking, a losing cause with the birth of the modern world, is to experience a kind of straining against reality, a rebellious nonconformity that, again, is rare in [the Colonies], where a are instructed in the virtues of the system they live under, as though history had achieved a happy ending in [Colonial] civics."

Alexander Bugge's Notes on Caithréim Chellacháin Chaisil (1904) the victorious career of Cellachan of Cashel, or, The Wars between the Irishmen and the Norsemen in the middle of the 10th century, Norske historiske kildeskriftfond 5. Caisel, now Cashel, in the county of Tipperary, was once the capital of Munster, and the chief residence of its Chiefs. The word caiscl signifies a circular stone fort... The city of Cashel was at this time in the possession of the Norsemen. Glendamain is in the next chapter written Glenamain (gen. Glennamnach) which is probably the right form of the name. — Glennamhain is derived from abhainn abounding in rivers«, and signifies »the watery or marshy glen«. The place is now called Glanworth, and is situated in the barony of Fermoy, in the county of Cork...called »Glennamain of Cashel «

Aoghán Ó Rathaille
from THE RUIN THAT BEFELL THE GREAT FAMILIES OF ERIN
Woe is me ! weak and exhausted is the race of Carthach, Without a prince

over the hosts, or a strong, nimble leader ! Without a man to defend, without a key to liberate ! Without a shield of protection for the land of noble chieftains ! A land without a prince of the sun-bright race of Eibhear ! A land made helpless beneath the oppression of the stranger I A land poured out beneath the feet of miscreants ! A land of fetters — it is sickness to me unto death ! A land poor, afflicted, lonely, and tortured ! A land without a husband, without a son, without a spouse ! A land without vigour, or spirit, or hearing ! A land in which is no justice to be done to the poor ! A land without a meek church or clergy ! A land which wolves have spitefully devoured ! A land placed in misfortune and subjection Beneath the tyranny of enemies and mercenaries and robbers !

...

I beseech the Trinity, most august, holy, To banish this sorrow from them altogether — From the descendants of Ir, of Conn, of Eibhear — And to restore the Gaels to their estates.

The people of Éibhear cannot easily, Be attacked in their rugged fastnesses, If they can, without obstruction, But assemble and collect. — Cath Mhuige Léana Cath

Irish Nationality (1911): Alice Stopford Green At the end, therefore, of two hundred years of war, the Irish emerged with their national life unbroken. Irish [realms] had lived on side by side with Danish [realms]; in spite of the strength of the Danish forces, the constant irruptions of new Danes, and the business capacity of these fighters and traffickers, it was the Irish who were steadily coming again to the top. Through all perils they had kept their old order. The high-Chiefs had ruled without a break, and, except in a few years of special calamity, had held the national assemblies of the country at Telltown, not far from Tara. The tribesmen of the sub-[realms], if their ancient place of assembly had been turned into a Danish fort, held

their meeting in a hidden marsh or wood. Thus when Cashel was held by the Norsemen, the assembly met on a mound that rose in the marshy glen now called Glanworth. There Cellachan, the rightful heir, in the best of arms and dress, demanded that the nobles should remember justice, while his mother declared his title and recited a poem....

...Aoibheall of Carrick-lea is said to have fallen in love with a young chieftain of Munster, and to have assumed the shape and appearance of a cowherd's daughter, named Sheela Ni Maranan, the better to accomplish her desire. She served some years in the capacity of cinderwench, kitchenmaid, cook, and at length rose by her assiduity and good conduct to the important station of lady's-maid, in which position she obtained the opportunity of becoming acquainted with the object of her love.

Under this bewitched enchantment the poet chooses a spot to take a nap, secures himself from all disturbance, and enters dreamland in the role of an ardent Irish patriot, deploring the wrongs and woes of his country, and denouncing its invaders in the most pungently invective language. But here a storm arises and a spectral bailiff approaches equipped in all the terrors of the law, and summons and drags him to a criminal court over which presided the Fairy Queen, Aoibheal...
MICHAEL C. O'SHEA, The Midhight Court, Introduction

Frank Herbert, The White Plague
“And finally I tell the Irish to remember the Banshee of Dalcais Aibell, the Banshee warning Brian Boru that he would die at Clontarf. Listen for the Banshee, Ireland, for I will have my revenge upon all of you.
No more can you evade personal responsibility for what you did to me and mine. I am the ultimate gombeen man come to make you pay -- not just during the hard months but forevermore.”

High in this palace Aoibheal holds her court,
To which complainants from all sides resort,
And much it grieves her and her gentle throng
That Erin groans beneath a load of wrong,
That rightful owners are despoiled of all
"Their ancient rights, which they must yield, or fall
In their defence against a swarming host
Of greedy robbers from a foreign coast...
...
To glad our country, and the nations blight
Has come, while wrongs usurp the name of law
Ó Shea translation

She is the muse. I am the messenger." — Edna O'Brien

Tairgeann Aoibheal croí gan chlaoinbheart, Cara na Muimhneach, sí-bhean Léithchraig, Scaradh le saoithe sí na slua seo Scaitheamh do scaoileadh daoirse i dTuamhumhain. Gheall an mhíonla chaoinis chóir seo Falsacht dlí do chloí go cumhachtach Seasamh i dteannta fann is faonlag Is caithfidh an teann bheith ceansa tláith libh, Caithfidh an neart gan cheart seo stríocadh Is caithfidh an ceart ina cheart bheith suite;

There was an offer from Aoibheal, with a heart so clean, Momonian's friend and Craglea's queen To the assembled council to bid farewell And in the land of Thomond to bide a spell. This gentle upright lady swore To rip out bad laws by their core To stand steadfast beside the poor and weak So the mighty will have to cherish the meek. The powerful desist from inflicting wrongs And justice enthroned where it belongs:
different translator

Donnchadh Ó Corráin: Caithréim Chellacháin Chaisil : History or Propaganda? [CCC Found in Castle Lismore 1814, buried treasure] --
The genealogies of Donnchad's family, the Uí Chaímh amd Eóganacht Glendamnach, are in a bad state of repair for the tenth century. They disagree with the Annals... ...Donnchad is referred to variously in the text: Donnchad, mac Caeimh Hi Caeimh, Donnchad mac Caeim, Donnchad Ua Eógain...ua Ecach, Ua Mogha, do Shil Catail, Donnchad mac Caeim meic Airt meic Cathail, Donnchad mac Caoimh ... mac Áirdrigh... ...The prominence of Donnchad in the saga of Cellachán must be ascribed to the desire to flatter the Uí Chaímh, his descendants, who were amongst the most prominent followers and supporters of Meic Carthaig in the early twelfth century. A verse excange between Cellachán and Donnchad. The first portion is devoted to establishing the kinrelationship between the two; in the second portion Cellachán urges Donnchad to unite with him against the Vikings...

1101 O'Brien sold out Cashel to the Catholics of Rome
Except 17 years earlier Normans had sacked the Roman home
The Roman Church took over, changed the Irish way of life
Took away the women's safety, started centuries of strife

One thing you might not know is that Normans are Vikings too
The O'Briens still play the heroes rewrote the history for you
Catholic Doctrine of Discovery had come around in 1450s
The Europeans thought God entitled us to all be shitty

That same concept is still followed by most white folks
The Right of Conquest is the kinda blarney
gets a man punched in the nose

1588 Spanish Armada sank trying to bring the Irish aid

Except 85 years earlier they'd started spanish transatlantic slave trade

1620 Massachusett Algonquins met Cromwell's Puritans
Just a decade after English Protestants formed Ulster Plantations

The Natives in both places are still occupied with grief
Still raising up their voices to bring attention to the same thief

He was numb with grief, but got no respite for one night later merciless Grendel struck again with more gruesome murders. Malignant by nature, he never showed remorse.
Beowulf, Seamus Heaney

But one thing is certain now ; knowledge was concealed from their prophets, on this occasion, and delusive omens were presented to their diviners ; and fortune had hardened their senses ; and pride deceived their understandings; and anger and inordinate ambition intoxicated their chiefs; and fury precipitated the [chiefs] upon this impetuous march.
— Cath Mhuige Léana

Marie Heaney, Over Nine Waves "Who is this upstart," Balor roared...?" His wife Ceithlinn of the Crooked Teeth, answered him. "I know well who he is from the description these men give of him, and it is bad news of us. He is our own grandson, the son of our daughter, Eithlinn, and he is known as Lugh of the Long Arm. It has been foretold that he will banish the Fomorians from Ireland for all time, and it will be at his hand that you, Balor, will meet your end!" Meanwhile Lugh and Nuada had begun to make plans for battle, too, for they knew what Balor would try. They called together all the people who possessed special skills, and Lugh asked each one what contribution they would make toward the struggle....”

— My heart is oppressed with grief…When the key has been lost, And the Island of the Fianna could not cure it.

When the news of the capture and detention of Callaghan reached Munster, Kennedy, son of Lorcan, and father of Brian Ború, raised a powerful army of the Eugenians for the purpose of rescuing the distinguished prisoners, …committed to the conduct of Donogh, son of Caomh, or Keeffe, prince of Fermoy, whom he thus addresses :
“ Fight well your battles with Munster’s warlike forces
Who shall banish the sons of Lochlann beyond the wave,
Level their stone fortresses, bring back the son of Buadhachan,
Humble the sons of Lochlain, and despise their threats,”

Bíonn chuile dhuine lách go dtéann bó ina gharraí.
Everyone is sociable until a cow invades their garden.

http://www.mirror.co.uk/news/politics/property-developers-ready-pounce-grenfell-10925961

Property developers are ready to pounce as Grenfell residents are 'decanted' from their homes and community

James O'Brien, Daily Mirror, 4 Lúnasa 2017

It's a scandal that ordinary people are effectively being deported from their home communities with no chance of return to make way for more investment opportunities The word they use is "decanting". I'd heard it applied to port before, but never to people.

It's not the most profound lesson I learned while covering the Grenfell Tower tragedy – that would be the contempt a certain type of politician has for the people they are supposed to represent – but it's been among the most unsettling.

Simply put, when a council in cahoots with a property developer wants to "redevelop" an area currently containing social housing, and ex-council houses purchased by residents, the first obstacle they need to negotiate is a human one. People have a habit of living in the homes they rent and own and you can't replace those homes with more expensive properties unless you get the people out. This is what they call "decanting"...

If you rent, you have little choice but to accept whatever new home the council offers you. If you own you can quibble a bit over the price, but you will generally be subjected to a compulsory purchase order. This is what they call "decanting".

I heard the word used like this for the first time while sitting in the shadow of the charred carcass of Grenfell Tower exactly one month after the cheap cladding installed, in part, to improve the views from the windows of the

multi-million homes nearby, went up in flames…

…

After 20 years in journalism, I can’t remember stumbling across something so unfair happening to so many people while receiving so little coverage.

When Jeremy Corbyn suggested some of the 1,652 empty homes in the borough owned by wealthy investors be requisitioned for Grenfell survivors, he was treated like Lenin by sections of the media.

But when ordinary people are effectively deported from their home communities with no chance of return to make way for more investment opportunities, the same sections of the media stay silent.”

An Gorta Mór… Decanting.

Tao never makes any ado, And yet it does everything. If a ruler can cling to it, All things will grow of themselves. When they have grown and tend to make a stir, It is time to keep them in their place by the aid of the nameless Primal Simplicity, Which alone can curb the desires of men. When the desires of men are curbed, there will be peace, And the world will settle down of its own accord. Tao Te Ching, Lao Tzu, Shambhalla Dragon Editions, Tr. John C.H. Wu, p.87.

A Clonmacnoise chronicler claimed that Brian had violated the holy island by this raid and Brian himself may not have been too fussy over whether it was Viking of monastic plunder that filled his treasure chests…. Raiding Inis Cathaigh by Senan Ó Scanlan, from Clare Library

Aoibheall>> Murchadh shall fall, Brian shall fall, All shall fall in the same career ; 'Tis gory the field shall be to-morrow, With thy haughty blood !

The heroic St. Dominick Collins, the faithful son of St. Ignatius, taken by the heretics, in the fort of Beerhaven, and hanged by order of cruel Mountjoy, at Cork ...
The fate of St. Thaddeus O'Connell recalls the heroism of the canons of St. Augustine; St. Mulcahy of Clonmel, St. O'Kelly of Connaught, St. Fitzpatrick, descended from the noble barons of Ossory, and St. Ormily of Clare, vividly recall to our minds the patriotism and self-sacrifice of the secular clergy. ...Bishop after Bishop, Archbishop after Archbishop, in all the Sees of Ireland, died gloriously for the Faith and the liberty of the Church of St. Patrick. Well did the purple become them in those days of blood and slaughter.

The success of the " Reformation " is the strongest proof that history affords of the corruption of the human heart and the weakness and darkness of human reason.
IRISH SCHOLARS OF THE PENAL DAYS: GLIMPSES OF THEIR LABORS ON THE CONTINENT OF EUROPE. REV. WILLIAM P. TREACY

Dr. Garrett O'Connor's Recognising and Healing Malignant Shame "Dr. Anthony Clare, a prominent Irish psychiatrist, while emphasising the 'extraordinary vigour and vitality of so much of Irish life', also describes the Irish mind as being 'enveloped, and to an extent suffocated, in an English mental embrace'. This development has occurred, he says, in 'a culture [that is] heavily impregnated by an emphasis on physical control, original sin, cultural inferiority and psychological defensiveness ...Shaming strategies such as ridicule, teasing, contempt and public humiliation are clearly rooted in the historical reality of political oppression.

Elie Wiesel, Night (The Night Trilogy, #1) For the survivor who chooses to

testify, it is clear: his duty is to bear witness for the dead and for the living. He has no right to deprive future generations of a past that belongs to our collective memory. To forget would be not only dangerous but offensive; to forget the dead would be akin to killing them a second time.

John Ó Lennon and Yoko Ono Blame it all on the kids and the IRA As the bastards commit genocide! Aye! Aye! Genocide! A thousand years of torture and hunger Drove the people away from their land A land full of beauty and wonder Was raped by the British brigands! Goddamn! Goddamn! As the bastards commit genocide! Aye! Aye! Genocide!

Two things that are a greater evil than (any) one thing : lust and gluttony étrad 7 craes. . Through gluttony Adam was expelled from Paradise. Through gluttony Esau destroyed his birthright and sold it to his brother Jacob for pottage.

So I'll wear no convict's uniform Nor meekly serve my time That Britain might brand Ireland's fight 800 Years of crime I learned of centuries of strife Of cruel laws injustice rife And I saw now in my own young life The fruits of foreign sway Protesters threatened, tortured, maimed Divisions nurtured passions flamed Outrage prevoked rights cause defamed This is the conqueror's ways
H-Block Song Francie Brolly

Filleann an feall ar an bhfeallaire. The treachery returns to the betrayer. The bad deed returns to the bad-deed doers.

Ní féidir an dubh a chur ina gheal ach seal. You can only deny the truth for a while.

“War is peace. Freedom is slavery. Ignorance is strength.” — George Orwell, 1984

Historic truths if you prefer, Accept true information. As many had St. Patrick knows, Of land, lost snug possessions. The Irish [painfully] dropp'd their O 's. That mark'd them old Milesians. John O'Keefe (1826)

Tell him, let him be merciful, just, impartial, conscientious, firm, generous, hospitable, honourable, stable, beneficent, capable, honest, well-spoken, steady, true-judging. Audacht Morainn, translated by Fergus Ó Kelly

High Cashel's fame is standing, and though in the spoiler's hand. Like the captive ark of Judah, 'tis a blessing to our land, For proudly it reminds us of the just days of yore, When Chiefs were monks and monks were Chiefs, upon our Irish shore.
186 Eóghan Mór, Muncha
Son Fiacha Muilleathan of the Two Sorrows
366-378 Crevan the Great, [Rí] of Ireland
308-353 Lughaidh, uncle of Crevan.
411-489 Aengus of Munster baptised by St. Patrick 432.
442-523 Eugene
462 Death of St. Patrick at Saul.

473-543 Crevan
495 frequent Viking Raids begin

522 Eochaid mac Óengusa, Eóganacht Glendamnach, dies
538-592 Hugh

542 Crimthann Srem mac Echado, Eóganacht Glendamnach, dies
543 Birth of St. Columbanus in Mí, Laigin
565 Death of Justinian, East Rome gives up on West Rome
569-621 Cathal
577 Coirpre Cromm mac Crimthainn, Eóganacht Glendamnach chief of Cashel and Munster, dies.
585 St. Columbanus arrives in Brittany with Saints Attala, Columbanus the Younger, Cummain, Domgal (Deicolus), Eogain, Eunan, Saint Gall, Gurgano, Libran, Lua, Sigisbert, and Waldoleno. At SaintMalo in Brittany, there is a granite cross bearing the saint's name to which people once came to pray for rain in times of drought. The nearby village of Saint-Coulomb commemorates him in name.

590 St. Columbanus begins building Luxeuil Monastery from Luxovium Gallo-Roman castle

602 Columbanus is persecuted by Roman Latin Bishops about differences of Irish christian practice
The Lore of Ireland—Emly

627 Cathal mac Áedo, Eóganacht Glendamnach chief of Cashel and Munster, dies.

635 St. Mochuda founds Abbey of Lismore

635 Sasanach/Anglo-Saxon chief Oswald invited the Irish bishop Aidan from Iona into his [chiefing], and Aidan founded the monastery at Lindisfarne on the coast of Northumberland.

637 Battle of Magh Rath

640 Cuana mac Ailcene/son of Ailcen, Laech Liathmhuine/Hero of Liathmhuine, An Draoi Ruadh, noted for unbounded generosity, dies Some particulars concerning Cuana Mac Cailcin have been already given, who, according to Four Masters, died a.d. 640. The wife of Cuana was named Ruithchearn (O'Curry's Lectures, p. 590), and she was the daughter of Aedh Bennan, [Chief] of West Munster about a.d. 600. In the Book of Leinster there is a sketch of the tale of the elopement of Ruithchearn with Cuana. Aedh Bennan had also a daughter named Mor, ** the heroine of a strange series of adventures recorded in Book of Fermoy. Inis Faithlenn (Inisfallen) at Killarney is stated in P. R.I. A., 1870, p. 1,15, to have been named from Faighlen or Faighlenn (Faithlenn), son of Aedh Bennan, of the race of Core Mac Luigdech. Journal Of the Cork Historical & Archaeological Society,vol VIV second series 1908Journal Of the Cork Historical & Archaeological Society,vol VIV second series 1908

646 St. Gall dies

659 Marmoutier Abbey, Alsace Saint Leobard (d. here in about 680) in 659, was a community of Irish monks under the Irish Rule of St. Columbanus. In 728, it changes to Holy Roman Rule of St. Benedict

664 Synod of Whitby, Holy-Romans steal British Church from Iona

665 Cathal Cú-cen-máthair, Eóganacht Glendamnach chief of Cashel and Munster, dies [Ó Caoimh]

697 Cáin Adomnáin upheld by Irish (not Roman) Synod of Birr in Offaly,

upholding Ancestral Irish protections and sureties in christian system, aimed at lessening brutality of christian war, ensuring safety and rights for non-combatant women. “Law of Innocents”, Signed by Aillil of Fermoy.

701 Ailill mac Cathail, Eóganacht Glendamnach chief of Cashel and Munster, dies, Tiarna Fir Maige Féne
725-806 Arthur
742 Cathal mac Finguine, Eóganacht Glendamnach chief of Cashel and Munster, dies, , Tiarna Fir Maige Féne

568-774 Lombards conquer Rome/Italy with help of 20,000 Angles and Saxons

Before 807 Airtre, son of Cathal Gionach, succeeded Tuathal as twenty-fourth Christian [Rí] of Munster. His reign was memorable for the hostile appearance during it of the Danes in Ireland.

807 Feidlim, the son of Criomthan, succeeded to the throne of the two Munsters in 807. Fought the Danes County Kerry Archaeological Journal[Kerry Archaelogical Magazine] #1 1908

In 815 they landed at a place called Caomh-Inis-Obhrathach, on the west coast of Munster, with sixty sail and a large army. They plundered the coast and pillaged Inis Labhraine and Dair Inis, reducing to ashes all towns and monasteries which fell in their way.]

821 Artrí mac Cathail, Eóganacht Glendamnach chief of Cashel and

Munster, dies. His great grandson Art Caemh was ancestor of the Ó Caoimh (O'Keeffes)

832 Fedlim waged war on Cathal, the son of Olioll, [Rí] of Hy Maine, and ultimately defeated the Connacians in 832 at the battle of Easroid. He also reduced to subjection the people of Hy Nial and Brefney, and was victorious over Nial Caille, the Monarch of Ireland. County Kerry Archaeological Journal[Kerry Archaelogical Magazine] #1 1908

837 Birth of Cormac MacCullinan, Archbishop of Cashel, and [Rí] of the two Munsters. Cormacs Glossary, Psalter of Cashel

845 Otcobar, son of Clonfadith, and great great grandson of Aodh-Beanrian, being then Abbot of Emly, succeeded to the throne of Munster on the death of Feidlim.

849 Otcobar attacked at Skiath ni Achtair an army of Danes led by Tomar, the hereditary prince of Denmark, and completely routed them.

902 Fionguine (Son of Gorman) chief of Mumhan dies

908 Art Caoimh, from whom the name Ó Caoimh comes, son of Fionguine chief of Mumhan, slain

924 Donnchadh son of Caoimh, Tiarna Fir Maige Féne, commands the forces of Mumhan to rescue Callaghan, chief of Mumhan, from the

treachery of the Lochlannach Sitric.

1015 Hugh Ó Caoimh, Tiarna Fir Maige Féne dies at Clontarf

1028 The diocese of Dublin was formally established by Lochlannach Sigtrygg (Sitric) Silkbeard, King of Dublin. Diocese is Roman, reports to Canterbury

1054 Great Schism

1063 "Ceallach Ua Caeimh, wise man and anchorite [semi-monastic attached to a church], died."— From the Four Masters

1066 Lochlannach/Viking/Norman William the Bastard conquers England

1070 Scots (Irish) Monastery built at Regensberg, Germany

1084 Norman Viking Lochlannachs take Rome

1095 First Crusade
1096 University of Oxford founded

1101 Muirchertach Ua Briain sells Cashel, sovereignty of Munster, to Norman Roman Catholic Church, Sacks Ailleach
J.G. O'Keeffe The Ancient Territory of Fermoy, from Book of Lismore, Ériu Vol. 10 (1926/1928), Royal Irish Academy: The evidence afforded by the personal and place names indicates that the text could not have been written before the twelfth century.

1124 King David I of Scotland adopts Lochlannach/Norman Feudalism for

Alba. His sister, Good Queen Maud, was Henry I wife and he grew up in his household, adopting Norman values and traits. "He introduced a feudal system and granted land to Anglo Norman incomers who soon anglicized the lowlands in Southern Scotland. Norman English became the dominant language of court while Gaelic was spoken in the Highlands and Norse in the far North and Isles…"

1127-1134 Cormacs Chapel Built at Cashel
1135, Finguine O'Caemh, Lord of Glennamnach (Glanworth in [Fir Maige Féne First Nation]…) was slain.
1132 Maelmhaedhoc Ó Morgair (Malachy) becomes Holy-Roman Catholic bishop of Armagh, on the side with King John

1136 Ó Caoimh supports Cormac McCarthy against Thomond, Connacht, and Leinster [They must have supported Roman Synod of Rath Breasail 1111 etc.] at Waterford

1155 Laudabiliter Irish Doctrine of Discovery
1185 Prince John builds Lismore Castle on site of Lismore Abbey
1102-1160 Guillananaohmh Ó Dhuinn, Ollamh of Leinster

1161 Book of Leinster Completed

1161 Hugh Ó Caoimh , Tiarna Fir Maige Féne,, or [Fir Maige Féne First Nation], died

1194 Gilla Ailbe Ó Caoimh and brother slain by Anglo-Normans, Condons Roches, Clongibbon-Fitzgibbon, and Barretts allies

1201 Fionghuine Ó Caoimh, Tiarna Fir Maige Féne, Slain by Anglo-Normans

1210 Ó Donnell and Ó Connor submit to King John of England
1210 Magnus Ó Caoimh, Tiarna Fir Maige Féne, slain by Anglo-Normans

1283 Tomás Ó Caoimh, Tiarna Fir Maige Féne, slain by Condons and Barretts

The struggle will end, as all natural contests must end, in the triumph of mercy, morality and freedom, for these are the law of God. But its end may be indefinitely delayed for the want of wise and good men to lead the [People]. JB O'REILLY WATCHWORDS

HISTORY gives us our measuring-point. By it alone can we calculate the progress of the world, and our own particular corner of it. Some people are apt to think that Ireland has no separate history of her own worth considering. Others find her history confused, sad, or difficult, wanting land-marks and out-standing rulers. Others, again, look at Irish history through their own sympathies or prejudices, and cannot always picture Ireland as compared with contemporary countries, or realize the peculiar way in which Ireland was set apart. THE ROMANCE OF IRISH HEROINES. L. M. McCRAITH Author of "A GREEN TREE" 'THE SUIR: FROM ITS SOURCE TO THE SEA" ETC.

The great Irish leader Michael Collins was called Dracon Chlíodhna. Stories were told of Clíodhna in the Rosscarbery school he attended, and they took Sunday trips to Clíodhna's rock. Here, according to Michael's friend Piaras Béaslaí: " Michael heard many a wonderful tale of Clíodhna's enchantments, of wrecks and perils, and drownings and treasure trove. "

Against Drowning. St. MARY, Christ and the Saints between us and all harm.

Mary and her Son, St. Patrick with his staff, St. Martin with his mantle, St. Brighid with her hood, St. Michael with his shield, And God before them all With His strong right arm. Amen.

The Sailor's Prayer. Ah St.. BRIGHID, who art in Faughart, Ah St. Blinne, who art in Killslea, O St. Bronac, who art in Ballinakilla, Bear ye me safe to Erin. Amen.

Herding Prayer. Ah Gentle Jesus, guard the sheep, In the pleasant glens and meadows deep, from the wolves lead them and keep. Amen.

dligthir brethim la rig rodbo brithim cadesin

Prayer for Éire From the foe of my faith, the foe of my land, A The foe of my children, and of my spouse, O Lord, protect me, With the Sign of the Holy Cross. By Thy death on the Cross Thou didst buy the souls Of Mother Eve's poor hapless sons; And from that day This Sign has been most blessed. Amen

Prayer to Obtain Spiritual Help. O Chief of the Universe Who early lightest the sun, Who sendest heavy rains And the crops that after them come: For Thee I set down my faults, To Thee I turn my face, O Lord, do not permit me To fall from the state of grace. Amen.

'it is obligatory that a Rí should have a Brehon, or that he be a Brehon himself... '
Meyer, Miscellanea Hibernica
"Sin í an fhíorbhreith," arsa cách "Is é nic na fhíorfhlatha a thug an bhreith."
-Geneamuin Chormaic
THE ROMANCE OF IRISH HEROINES. L. M. McCRAITH Author of "A GREEN

TREE" 'THE SUIR: FROM ITS SOURCE TO THE SEA" ETC
Adamnan, who was the successor of St. Columba at Iona, and who wrote St. Columba's Life, gave a remarkable judgment concerning women from the Rath of the Synods at Tara, in the seventh century.

It is called the Cáin Adamnan, or Adamnan' s Law concerning Women.

Adamnan, who was born in 624 A.D., was devoted to his mother. One day she said to him :
" Your dutifulness is good ; however, that is not the duty that I desire, but that you should free women for me, free them from encounter, from camping, from fighting, from hosting, from wounding, from slaying, from the bondage of the cauldron."

The two had just seen a battlefield, near Drogheda, where many women lay slain, with their babes on their breasts, motherless.

Adamnán determined to fulfil his mother's desire, but to do so, he had to endure great tortures, and horrible penances for many years. At last angels came to deliver him from these, but he said :

"I will not arise until women are freed for me."
And the angel answered :
" By reason of your sufferance you shall have all you ask of God."

Ní saoirse go saoirse na mBan.

Five ages before the birth of Christ, to wit, from Adam to the Flood, from the Flood to Abraham, from Abraham to David, from David to the Captivity in Babylon, from the Babylonian Captivity to the birth of Christ. During that

time women were in bondage and in slavery, until Adamnan, son of Ronan, son of Tinne, son of Aed, son of Colum, son of Lugaid, son of Setne, son of Fergus, son of Conall, son of Niall, came.

Cumalach was a name for women till Adamnan came to free them. And this was the cumalach a woman for whom a hole was dug at the end of the door so that it came over her nakedness. The end of the great spit was placed upon her till the cooking of the portion was ended....

In 1022, the Four Masters tell us of the death of Maelcobha Ó'Gallagher, Abbot of Skreen of Eunan – an old church in the parish of Skreen, Co. Sligo today. 21 And this Skreen had a connection with the Kineal Conaill from the time of St. Colmcille and St. Eunan. ARE, ii, 802.

1063 AD St. Ceallach Ua Caeimh, wise man and anchorite, died. Annals of the Four Masters

And though great be her honour here at present, greater by far will it be, when St. Brigid shall arise like a shining lamp in completeness of body and soul at the great assembly of Doomsday, in union with cherubim and seraphim, in union with the Son of Mary the Virgin, in the union that is nobler than every union, in the union of the Holy Trinity, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. I beseech the mercy of High, Almighty God, through holy Brigit's intercession, may we all deserve that unity, may we attain it, may we dwell therein, in saecula.
Lismore Betha

Arise from they slumbers translated from the Gaelic
by Mary Balfour, Moffat Minstrelsy
A - rise from thy . slum - bers, oh, fair -est of maids!

With me thou wilt wander to Truighas green shades,
Where sorrel and bright rowan berries abound
And nuts in rich clusters the branches have crowned
A bed of fresh ivy to rest thee I will bring
The blackbirds and thrushes around us shall sing
And there with unceasing devotion I will prove
How soothing the cares of affection and love.

Tonfeid, a Críost, come muir i cuaird bethad brigadbuil.
Guide us, O Christ, that rulest the sea Around the mighty vast world.

Fios Adamnáin
For at that time will the Lord render due recompense to every one on earth; that is to say, rewards to the righteous, and punishments to the guilty.

And at that very time shall the guilty be set in the abyss of everlasting pain, and the book of the Word of God shall be then closed, under the curse of the Breitheamh of Doom, for ever.

But the saints and the righteous, the charitable and the merciful, shall be borne to the right hand of God, to a lasting habitation in the Chiefdom of Heaven, there to abide without age or death, end or term, for ever and ever.

This, the, is the manner of that City: A Chiefdom without pride, or vanity, or falsehood, or outrage, or deceit, or pretence, or blushing, or shame, or reproach, or insult, or envy. or arrogance, or pestilence, or snow, or wind, or rain, or din, or thunder, or darkness, or cold--a noble, admirable, heavenly realm endowed with the wisdom, and radiance and fragrance of a plenteous land...

Fios Adamnáin, based on CS Boswell translated, Parentheses Publications, Medieval Irish Series, Cambridge, Ontario 1999.

1450 Bishop O'Gallagher died... Donncha O'Gallagher, the successor of St. Eunan died. ARE, iv, 966, 970

We shall speak first of the noble lineage and blood of Columcille, son of Fedlimid son of Fergus Cennfada son of Conall Gulban son of Niall of the Nine Hostages. Betha Colaim chille, Compiled by Manus O'Donnell in 1532, Edited and translated A. O'Kelleher, G. Schoepperle, 1918

Queen Victoria's Treasury regarding late 1500s To listen to Irish lays or give alms to an Irish [Brehon lawyer poet] exposed the offender, by the bitter sarcasm of the [English] laws, to the forfeiture of both ears if the offence were repeated. "All carroughes, bards, rhymers [Brehon Lawyers], " and common idle [Indigenous] men and women, within this province (of Munster), making rhymes, bringing of messages, and common players at cards, [are] to be spoiled of all their goods and chattels, and to be put in the next stocks [neck stocks, tortured], there to remain till they shall find sufficient surety to leave that "wicked thrade of life, and fall to other occupation." As if, forsooth, they could !"

Gone Are All the Noble Poets Daibhi O Bruadai from the Gaeilge I Gone are all the noble poets, Sad the darkness of the world ; The children of those learned ollamhs Now are void of keen retorts. II Sad their books with gray dust covered, Satchels ne'er in folly versed ; Mystic lore forgotten wrongly, Born of wisdom-drinkers' minds. III After the death of the poets, whose riches were poems and wit ; Woe unto him who hath seen the fate that hath come upon us ; Their books, now unheeded in corners, lie mouldering, covered with dust, While of their mystical treasures no whit is possessed by

their sons.

History says, don't hope
On this side of the grave.
But then, once in a lifetime
The longed-for tidal wave
Of justice can rise up,
And hope and history rhyme.
Seamus Heaney, Cure at Tír Eóghain

“In olden times the people used to churn each week. It was a barrel and a round piece of board and a handle stuck in it the people used. Some of those churns are in my district still. About a hundred years ago a man by the name of James Keogh lived in Ballykenan and he was churning one day. It was on the tenth day of July and one of his friends were dead, and the man was going to the funeral. But his wife made him churn before he would go. He was working hard when a man came in singing. He walked out again and he met the man's wife. He never spoke a word to either of them. In about twenty minutes the man was finished. Then he went out to the stable and brought out his horse and started off riding him but he was late. When he went down the lane a small bit he saw a big roll of butter on the ground under a Daletree. He went back to his wife and told her. When his wife came out she looked at it and said that it was resin that fell from the tree. The man went on another bit and he saw the churn of butter of butter milk on the ditch. He went back again and told his wife. She came to place and said that it was lime water. The woman left both the butter and the milk on the ditch until evening. When the man was coming home there was the barrel on the ditch and the milk init. He went for the cows that evening and when the cows were passing the barrel one cow drank some of it and perished that evening. The man died about a week after but his

funeral was never seen. The woman never got to churn afterwards." Told by Thomas Keeffe to Lawrence Fogarty, Ballykeenan, Co. Carlow

At the launch of the 1916 Commemorations, Taoiseach Enda Kenny proclaimed that the programme of events would be 'measured and reflective' and would be 'informed by a full acknowledgement of the complexity of historical events and their le acy, of the multiple readings of history, and of the multiple identities and traditions which are part of the Irish historical experience'. Claire McGettrick, co-founder of Justice for Magdalene Research, and the cofounder of the Adoption Rights Alliance, Spare a thought for those who suffered most for the sake of an idyllic image of Ireland, National Women's Council of Ireland blog, 5 Meitheamh 2016

There are three colours of poetry...[Praise]find agus [Blame]dub agus [Give Warning]brech. Fionn by which one praises, Dubh by which one satirises, Brecc by which one gives notice. [Auraic 5244- 6] Liam Breatnach, "Satire, Praise and the Early Irish Poet." Ériu, vol. 56, 2006, pp. 63–84. JSTOR, www.jstor.org/stable/30007051.

[Filidecht and Coimgne by Sean Mac Airt, Ériu,Vol. 18 (1958), pp. 139- 152. 'In the traditional view of the growth of history, coimgne ranks with the early inventions ascribed to the [chiefs] of Munster. These discoveries are in turn gold and silver, , fessa and forbessa, memorials in Ogam (cuimni i nogmaib), pillar-stones (coirthi) for marking boundaries, and (jointly) coimgne and filidecht. ']

Name: Son/Devotee of the Rowan Tree (Maqi-Carattinn). Ogham stone: Cloghanecarhan, Co. Kerry Name: Wolf Singer (Quanacanos). Ogham stone:

Island, Co. Mayo Name: Respecter of (the god) Lugh (Lugudeccas). Ogham stone: Ardmore, Co. Waterford Name: Little Seal (Ronann). Ogham stone: Arraglen, Co. Kerry Name: Living Fire/Fire Alive (Bivodon). Ogham stone: Kilbeg, Co. Waterford Name: Little Badger (Broccan). Ogham Stone: Kilmalkedar, Co. Kerry Name: Raven Born (Branogenos). Ogham Stone: Barnaveddoge, Co. Louth Name: (he who has) The Strength of a Wolf/Hound (CUNOGUSSU). Ogham Stone: Ahalisky, Co. Cork Name: Son of the Yew Tree (Ivageni). Ogham stone: Mount Russell, Co. Tipperary Name: Heron (Corre). Ogham Stone: Coolinheagh. Ogham stone: Glebe, Co. Cork Name: Devotee/Son of the deity Erc , possible a cow [Bean Sí] (Maqi-Ercias). Ogham Stone: Coumeenole North, Co. Kerry Name: Flame (Dego[s]). Ogham Stone: Coolmagort, Co. Kerry Name: Chief in Battle (Catabar). Ogham stone: Ballyquin, Co. Waterford Name: Winter Wolf/Hound (Gamicunus). Ogham Stone: Lugnagappul, Co. Kerry http://irisharchaeology.ie/2017/03/raven-born-wolf-singer-some-old-irish-names-from-oghamstones/

Sanas Chormaic
Filí :: venom in the satire and splendour in the praise of the Filed.

Findsruth Fíthail ... establishing title other than eyewitness evidence

Fortoing Airem no Aimser [CIH2143.18] 'Number of generations, or lapse of time or balance or measure or poem or boundary or pillar-stone or marking out or possession provides overriding evidence, and those are the dead which provide overriding evidence against the living, and one does not provide overriding evidence without them.

Senchas Már, Dí Thúaslucud Rudrad: Except for three established things which confirm every certain ownership: that which is heard and transmitted

by the Féniu, a poem with the inspiration of a filid, a document in the possession of a holy successor. Breatnach, Liam. “Satire, Praise and the Early Irish Poet.” Ériu, vol. 56, 2006

Antaine Raiftearaí (Galway, 1779-1835) Since the time Henry rejected his first wife at the beginning of the Reformation The Gael are being persecuted harshly, sharply in every place Their laws are not yielded to but instead they are hung and tortured

Trí ái nad eplet faill: ái dochuind, dochraite, anfis. ⁊ ⁊ Three causes that do not die with neglect: the causes of the incompetent, and of oppression, and of ignorance. —Trecheng Breth Féne

Prayer for a Holy Death. Ah BLESSED St. Michael, on thy name I call, And on thine, Ah St. John the Baptist, On the saints of the world, one and all, For help in the coming day of battle. When my mouth is closing and my eye is failing, And my sense from me is slipping away, When my term is spent and my cause a-calling, God with my soul that dreadful day. Amen.

for Éibhear and Dunn, the making of fearful poetry, vast, mighty draughts of death-spells in active voice
trans. Erynn Rowan Laurie

It is said that when Our Saviour was hanging on the Cross a drop of his Sacred blood fell on a robins breast and coloured it red. Since that the robin's breast is red. It is also said that a serpent bit a swallows tail and that it is forked since then. Collected by Maire Dunne, 1930s duchas.ie

...The degree of opposition to the new inquisitions was most marked in Kerry and even approached a denial of Crown sovereignty. In July 1587

Smythes and Beacon held an inquisition in Desmond, south Kerry, where the landowners were Irish. Resistance started from the moment the sheriff summoned the grand jury: "he was answered that they never had appeared in absence of MacCarthy Mor."
Michael MacCarthy-Morrogh, THE MUNSTER PLANTATION, 1583-1641, 1983

TO * * * * *
By J.J. Callanan 1795-1829
Lady the lyre thou bid'st me take,
No more can breathe the minstrel strain ;
The cold and trembling notes I wake,
Fall on the ear like plashing rain ;
For days of suffering and of pain,
And nights that lull'd no care for me,
Have tamed my spirit,—then in vain
Thou bid'st me wake my harp for thee.

But could I sweep my ocean lyre,
As once this feeble hand could sweep,
Or catch once more the thought of fire,
That lit the Mizen's stormy steep,

Or bid the fancy cease to sleep,
That once could soar on pinion free,
And dream I was not borne to weep ;
O then I'd wake my harp for thee.

And now 'tis only friendship's call,

That bids my slumbering lyre awake,
It long hath slept in sorrow's hall,
Again that slumber it must seek ;

Not even the light of beauty's cheek,
Or blue eye beaming kind and free,
Can bid its mournful numbers speak ;
Then lady, ask no laoi from me.

Yet if on Desmond's mountain wild,
By glens I love, or ocean cave,
Nature once more should own her child,
And give the strength that once she gave ;

If He who lights my path should save
And what I was I yet may be ;
Then lady, by green Erin's wave,
I'll gladly wake my harp for thee.
The only thing that beats a king ... is an O'Keefe

Without hesitation I say that women like O'Keeffe are dangerous to this world of affairs, especially dangerous when they are artists...look sharp[!], you worlds who see in flag-waving an excuse for murder, and in power, your privilege to abuse. The O'Keeffes are coming! Blanche Matthias, Chicago Evening Post, 1926, via Georgia O'Keeffe A Life by Roxanna Robinson

Donegal duine, Ó Gallchóir, in 1825
Each Munster chief is a stately Flower,
The weak one's dauntless defending power;

Tis' a land o'er-flowing with honey and beoir,
And shelters and helps The Poor evermore !
...The story of how the druids were transformed into jurists is told in the introduction to a collection of law texts, entitled Senchus Már, translated as the 'Great Tradition'. Jurists were highly regarded in early Irish society but were surrounded by a shroud of myth and magic. The badge of office of the jurist was a torque and if a jurist spoke an untruth, according to legend, it would tighten around his neck and strangle him. Indeed, it is stated in Senchus Már that blotches would appear on a jurist's cheek if he deviated from the truth." Dr. Noelle Higgins The Lost Legal System: Pre-Common Law Ireland and Brehon Law.

Trí chuil túaithe: flaith bréagach, breitheamh gúach, sagart colach.
Three tribal vetos: false chief, untruthful judge, impious priest.

'Men will be bad: (lawful) chiefs will be few: usurpers will be many'
FERCHERTNE Immacallam in dá Thuarad

We read in the old historical tale, Agallamh na Seanoiridhe (Dialogue of the Sages), which is now preparing for the Society, that Fionn mac Cumhall was a Philosopher, a Musician, a Bard, a Liagh, an Admiral, a Druid or Priest, a Statesman, a Commander, a Prophet— we have a prophecy related to the Danish and English invaders of our island, attributed to him; if he had lived three hundred and ten years, as we are told he did, and had been engaged in a severe course of study all that time, he could not possibly have been learned in all the arts and sciences required to render him eminent in all those arduous professions...

Tréde ara carthar escara: máin, cruth, innraccus.

Three things for which an enemy is loved: wealth, beauty, worth

“Be sure you choose what you believe and know why you believe it, because if you don't choose your beliefs, you may be certain that some belief, and probably not a very credible one, will choose you.” ― Robertson Davies

At the summit of society stood the chief of a cúige, variously styled in the law texts as rí ruirech, ollam ríg and "The ultimate chief of every individual" (Irish: rí bunaid cach cinn). From his justice there was no appeal, nor did the Brehon Law acknowledge the existence of the “High Kingship” of Ireland. The ri ruirech had no legal superior. In Munster this legal theory was explicitly adhered to by the annalists who styled the provincial kings as "High Chief" (Irish: ard rí), thereby stressing his absolute sovereignty. As the concept of the High Kingship of Ireland was developed from the 9th century onwards by the Uí Néill clan, the Chiefs of Munster counterbalanced that historically inaccurate doctrine ...

--

...Thereafter during Findchua's time the clans of Niall of the North come to seize the Ríocht of Munster, for they had heard of the land in its 'fatness, and that Hugh's Half was in woe concerning its Chiefs and its lords, and had no proper Rí over it....
Betha Finnchua Bri Gobunn Inso, Leabhar Eóghannachta

Bérla Féine Hérenn: Corcach. The Legal Speech of Ireland: Cork.

CATH MAIGE TUIRED The Second Battle of Mag Tuired Translated by Elizabeth A. Gray ...after Bres had assumed the sovereignty, three Fomorian [chiefs] (Indech mac De Domnann, Elatha mac Delbaith, and Tethra)

imposed their tribute upon Ireland-and there was not a smoke from a house in Ireland which was not under their tribute. In addition, the warriors of Ireland were reduced to serving him: Ogma beneath a bundle of firewood and the Dagda as a rampartbuilder, and he constructed the earthwork around Bres's fort. 26. Now the Dagda was unhappy at the work

“Your own actions are a better mirror of your life than the actions of all your enemies put together.” Ngugi wa Thiong'o

Behaviour that's admired is the path to power among people everywhere. Seamus Heaney, Beowulf

The lands of the chiefs who had fled were looked upon by the Kings Deputy, Sir Arthur Chichester, as admirably suited to a new plantation. Thus there could be introduced into Ireland settlers who would act as a garrison against any future struggle for independence.
The Indivisible Island: The History of the Partition of Ireland, Frank Gallagher, 1957

...This new millennium will usher in an age of harmony or it will bring the end of life as we know it. Starvation, war, and toxic waste have been the hallmark of the great myth of progress and development that ruled the last millennium. To us, as caretakers of the heart of Mother Earth, falls the responsibility of turning back the powers of destruction. You yourself are the one who must decide. You alone – and only you – can make this crucial choice, to walk in honor or to dishonor your relatives. On your decision depends the fate of the entire World. Indigenous Environmental Network Important Message from Keeper of Sacred White Buffalo Calf Pipe Chief Arvol Looking Horse 8/26/16

To every cow belongs her calf.

...In the reign of Charles II., an act was passed to prevent the wandering minstrels from exacting meat or drink from the people, "for fear of some scandalous song or rhyme to be made upon them." The act further states, that all "such persons may be bound to loyalty and allegiance, and committed till bond be given with good sureties." We see here the position to which the order was reduced by the oppressions of former reigns. The warfare of centuries had struck down the native chiefs, who had ever

regarded them with a species of paternal affection. Around the oak of power the ivy of song had lovingly twined itself, and when the former was violently torn from the land, the latter was flung upon the world to float like a weed upon every wind. The Ballads of Ireland by Edward Hayes 1864

Songs were not always thus cheap in Ireland. An Irish poet relates that he never used to get less than twenty-five cows for a poem, and the price sometimes paid for a poem would equal £600 at the present day (Dr. Hyde). But this died out with the old Irish aristocracy. It was a constant theme of regret with the Irish bards of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries that the Saxon planter's who succeeded the Irish ...chiefs despised — in their gross ignorance — both poets and poetry, and indeed learning in general. Seanfhocla Uladh

Ollamh Patrick O'Kelly, Esq., of the county of Galway, to George IV (1762 – 1830) in Dublin: 'Three poets for three sister Chiefings born, One for the Rose [Lord Byron], another for the Thorn [Sir Walter Scott] ; One for the Shamrock, which will ne'er decay, While Rose and Thorn must yearly fade away. ' At which the King and his Court laughed heartily."

the [Chief] in his wisdom waited, still wondering whether Almighty God would ever turn the tide of his misfortunes.
Seamus Heaney, Beowulf

Gráinne O'Milley is arriving over the sea, Armed warriors along with her as her guard, They are Gaels, Not mean invaders nor Spanish conquistadores... And The Gaels will rout the invaders! May it please the Chief of Prodigy that we might see, Although we may live for a week once after, Gráinne Milley and a thousand warriors... Dispersing the Invaders!

Legends of a sleeping army waiting for a hero to come and rouse them for some great battle are present in other parts of Ireland too (such as at The Curragh, Co. Kildare, and Lough Gur in Limerick). Gearóid Iarla (Earl Garrett, Gerald) is sometimes the one who is the chief of the chthonic army. At Hacklim, some versions say it is Fionn Mac Cumhaill. The messianic theme of the legend in its various forms is overtly political, the clear premise being that a great leader from the past will return, from a supernatural subterranean domain, leading a great army to restore glory to Ireland.
, Mythical Ireland Blog, Friday, 13 Eanáir 2017

Reviewed Work: Literary Creation and Irish Historical Tradition by Brian Ó Cuív Review by: Francis John Byrne Irish Historical Studies Vol. 16, No. 62 (Sep., 1968), Cambridge University Press ...the fact that the Irish had a literary rather than a historical bias is of itself an interesting cultural phenomenon. Students of Gaelic Ireland must of necessity be in large measure literary historians. For this reason professor Ó Cuiv's interest in the historical implications of literary texts is a hopeful portent that the gulf between philology and history may be spanned more often in the future.

The tradition of the heroic saga remained very much alive until the eleventh century or so, and took as its subject matter not merely prehistoric figures but chiefs [and queens] of the fifth, sixth, seventh, and even eighth centuries.

He has spent many an hour in his "studio" - his small kitchen. Here, he has recorded cassette tapes on his domestic tape player. They have been sent all over the world for no other reward than the joy of the music and the knowledge that he is passing it on to the generations who must carry it along when he is gone. ' The Late Great Maurice O'Keeffe okeeffeclans.com

2018 Céilí dance, Maurice O'Keeffe Fiddle Festival. Daughter of Maurice O'Keeffe: So you think you're Ó Keeffe do you? I explained my mother as the seventh daughter of Rita Kieff Brown. We had a [Chief] of Munster once, she says. More than once, I replied. He'll do, she replies.

Newmarket Community Development Association Facebook Page 7 Samhain 2013 Have you ever heard of the Mount Keeffe Chalice? "Apparently one of the branches of the O'Keeffe's presented a chalice to the clergy of Newmarket in the Middle ages. Then, during one of the most violent periods of the Penal Days a certain priest, while celebrating Mass in a lonely glen some few miles north of Newmarket town, was bayoneted to death by Redcoat Soldiers while mass was in progress. He had been using the O'Keeffe Chalice (1590). This older Chalice and other items were looted by the soldiers and local tradition has it, that a tree, bearing a resemblance to the Elevation of the Host, grew in its branches on the spot where the holy priest was murdered" https://www.facebook.com/NewmarketTown/posts/10151803239234385

Raymond O'Sullivan at The O'Keeffe Chalice Tree in Newmarket with a tour group from the O'Keeffe Clan Gathering, Drom Tarbh Meán Fómhair 2016

At the time of the Penal Laws, there wasn't any great objection to parochial clergy. What they were very very much afraid of were friars from across the seas, because the friars were usually of one of the richer families. They would have been related to the O'Keeffes, to the chieftains, to the O'Callaghans. I heard one story about this place that will tell you what Mr. [?] in Newmarket had to put up with. I read it in a letter, to the Lord [?] I think he was complaining, he was always complaining, indeed he did more.

He was in an outpost here... But, when he was on his way to Limerick, about

two or three miles from the town, he passed through this village, and there was a crowd of people here and he said there might have been up to a thousand men.

He said that the O'Keeffe was there and the McAulliffe and the O'Callaghan. And he said there were two brothers of O'Callaghans there who were friars from across the sea and he was very upset about it.

And he wanted more help to sorta keep the thing under control. But they were called to account, anyway, and they were taken to some quarters to some other place to be called to account. And the reason that they gave for being there was that they had met by accident, that it was just a chance meeting, that they were just passing through. So it should tell you what respect they had for law and order and things...

Governments, if they endure, always tend increasingly toward aristocratic forms. No government in history has been known to evade this pattern. And as the aristocracy develops, government tends more and more to act exclusively in the interests of the ruling class -- whether that class be hereditary royalty, oligarchs of financial empires, or entrenched bureaucracy. Frank Herbert

His experience with Household Finance had disabused him of any hope that fthe government would intercede to prevent rich corporations from doing bad things to poor people." — Michael Lewis, The Big Short: Inside the Doomsday Machine

Ní fáidh fear ina dhúchas, ar a thairseach féin.

Rev. Canon Ulick J. Bourke, Intro to Gaelic Sermons of St. James Gallagher: [A]....powerful element, at once of enterprise and hostility, was excited anew in the breast of every Briton, namely, love of [sordid] gain—love of acquiring new lands and increased territorial possessions, together with an ill-regulated desire for power, for plunder, and self-indulgence.

Ireland, so long, secure from the attacks of the legions of Imperial Rome...now quite near to Britain, was no longer secure from aggression. This island was a territory in which at that time religious hate, love of land and uncontrolled power could be satisfied to the fullest extent by those who sought a field to exercise these favorite failings.

Under the influence of a hostile spirit, rendered delirious by religious mania, and insensible to every emotion that ennobles human nature, the Penal Laws, during the reigns of Henry VIII, Elizabeth, James I, Charles, Cromwell, and Anne, were enacted.

In the same demonic spirit, as Mr. Froude shows (History of England vol. c., p 509) were carried on the wars which devastated [Deas Mhumhain] and the principalities of Ó Neill and Ó Donnell, the territories of Ó Rourke, MacGuire, MacMahon, and Ó Dogherty.

The...Penal Laws uprooted and almost complete destroyed Catholicism in England ; it ruined, exiled or destroyed the Catholics of the Pale—the English settlement in [Occupied] Ireland [see 'The Troubles of our Catholic Forefathers, Related by Themselves,' edited by John Morris, priest of the Society of Jesus—London, Burns, and Oates. 'Sufferings of the Irish Catholics', by the Most Rev. Dr. Moran, Bishop of Ossory]...

...How did it fair with that land of heroes after the Flight of the Earls?

The former state of things was completely changed. The territorial possessions were confiscated, the people's religion proscribed, the bishops banished, priests persecuted, churches demolished, monasteries made desolate, the land taken from the native proprietors and sold to adventurers [Venture Capitalists] from London, or even from other parts of England and from Scotland—the creed of the conquerors imposed on the Catholics.

The natives were told off to Connacht or to another [colony] more remote. Those who remained became hewers of wood and drawers of water. As the early christians fled from Jerusalem to Pella before the armies of Vespasian and his son Titus, so the Catholics of Donegal fled from the towns...

“Yes, the living, the mangled, the scarified, with the crazed responsibility of remembering everything, everything.” — Edna O'Brien, The Little Red Chairs

St. Mugrón
O crucified Christ. O Brehon of Doom, have mercy on us !

Lismore Betha Ciaran
Therefore for those good things and for abundance of other good things his soul is with the household of heaven. His relics and remains are here, with honour and with veneration, with miracles and with daily marvels. And though great be his honour at present in that wise, greater will be his honour in the holy incorruptible union of his body and his soul at the great assembly of Doom, when St. Ciaran will be Brehon over the fruit of his teaching along with Jesus Christ whom he served. So he will abide in that great household2 , in unity of patriarchs and prophets, in the unity of the

apostles and disciples of the Saviour Jesus Christ : in the unity of the nine orders of angels who have not transgressed : in the unity ofthe Godhead and Manhood of the Son of God : in the unity that is nobler than every unity, in the unity of the holy Trinity, Father, and Son, and Holy Ghost. 4524. I beseech the mercy of noble almighty God, through St. Ciaran's inter- cession, that we may all attain to that unity. May we dwell therein for ever and ever

Desmond Rushe, Theatre: The Roots of Identity, Éire-Ireland, A Journal of Irish Studies, The Irish American Cultural Institute, 1974.

Father Pat Ahern ...has simplified the fundamental notion of culture as 'us, being ourselves' and has written: 'Being ourselves means being all that history has made us -- a distinctive people with a distinct set of preferred values, handed down and accepted by us, with out own peculiar ways of thinking and behaving, our own peculiar temperament, wit, sense of humour -- like a member of a family, you cannot help it; you cannot deny it.

Being ourselves mean being what our position on the map has made us -- and island people, what our climate has made us, imposing on us a particular way of life, dependent on the soil, a closeness to nature and the elements, and to the beauties of creation, and with a consequent keen sense of values of life -- values that take account of a Creator... The strength of any culture depends on the degree of its acceptance by the current generation...

There is a sense in which we do not own our own culture. We are only trustees. The treasure is only on loan, and we must take it, refurbish it

inlight of our experience, and hand it on.

We have a duty to do this, at the risk of betraying the dead generations who moulded it for us and trusted it to us, and at the risk of doing a grave wrong to generations yet to come by depriving them of an inalienable right -- the right to a separate national identity.'

“The chain is only as strong as its weakest link, for if that fails the chain fails and the object that it has been holding up falls to the ground.”
— Thomas Reid, Essays on the Intellectual Powers of [Daoine]

Trí adcoillet gáis: anfis, doas, díchuimne.
Three things that ruin wisdom: ignorance, inaccurate knowledge, forgetfulness.

Linguistic Shenanigans: who politicised the Irish language in Ireland? by Ruaidrí Ua Conchobair The whole island of Ireland is the native homeland of the Irish nation. Our rich ancient indigenous language, culture and heritage identify us as the unique and distinguishable settled nation we’ve been since long before the English language existed...

BRIAN FRIEL'S "language of theater" has been said to address "deepening ironies and contradictions of our age". Clearly, ironies of language are evident in his play Translations... ... The British had long sought to prevent the Gaelicization of English settlers and to facilitate colonial rule of the "primitive" Irish by requiring use of English. In 1367 the Statutes of Kilkenney barred Gaelic speech from "the Pale" and courts of law. When in 1800 the empire officially subsumed Ireland into its "United Kingdom," as Dean identifies, the "long disputed colony" became "integral to the imperial power. and yet remained a problematic element within it. The

inauguration of an Irish national school system in 1833, the year in which Translations is set, can therefore be seen to perpetuate a longstanding tradition of cultural suppression in Ireland. Sarah E. Wheaton Colby Quarterly, Volume 37, no.3, September 2001, p.236-246

...In many parts of the east and north of Ireland 'mummers' or 'rhymers' take the place of Wren Boys. These groups, who perform a simple play consisting of a range of characters, varying from district to district, numbering up to a dozen players, each of whom recites a rhyme. The longest of these is the preserve of the 'Captain' or leader of the troupe who introduces two chief protagonists, often identified as representing the interests of England (Prince George) and a recognizably native Irish figure – typically Saint Patrick – who fight one another.

...'Room, Room, give me room, Room to act, room to rhyme, It is coming up to Christmas time, Christmas comes but once a year, And when it comes in it brings good cheer, And if you don't believe what I say, Enter the captain and he'll soon clear the way.' (Cill Bharainn, Dún na nGall) duchas.ie on wren boy tradition

Strategist, warrior, satirist, co-ordinator of others' talents — Lug regulates and balances the efforts of the whole tribe, wielding his people into a fighting force much greater than the sum of its parts. Lug is the paragon of [leadership]: he attains office thanks to his wisdom and omnicompetence, and establishes his right to do so by stating his claim to the office irrefutably. He leads his people to victory in battle, and vanquishes a fierce opponent. He acquires for his people competence in agriculture. As cited in [Chiefdom] in Early Irish Literature Tomás Ó Cathasaigh, Elizabeth A. Gray in 'Lug and Cú Chulainn: chief and warrior, god and man, in Studia Celtica XXIV/XXV (1989/90), pp. 38-52, at p 44

The condition of women in a nation is the real measure of its progress.
Ngugi wa Thiong'o

...[T]he message that we can attribute to the male transmitters of the legends of the cailleach and the bean feasa ... is that essentially feminine conceptions of power and wisdom operate along with and outside of male authority in the patriarchal world and that such conceptions are traditionally resorted to and invoked to contain and make meaningful... experiences of affliction ...
Gearóid Ó Crualaoich, The Book of the Cailleach, University College Cork Press, 2003

XVIII And that wretched pair were then aware, They had chased across the green, No mortal game nor wounded hare, But the Cailleach Modereen.
XIX Such a sight said the knight I never have seen, I am delighted the hunt is done, Come along come along cried Modereen, The chase is scarse begun
XX And that cruel knight and huntsman base, Ne'er again on earth were seen, But with weary pace on the winds they chase, The enchanted Modereen.
XXI And those hounds have ne'er since been seen, But are often heard in air, Chasing the spiteful Modereen, In the shape of a wounded hare XXII And when those hounds are heard in air, Well may his septmen cry, Vain leech's cure, vain churchmans prayer, For then OKeeffe must die XXIII And when those hounds are heard in air, Well may his septmen cry, Vain leech's care vain churchmans prayer, For then OKeeffe must die. — As told by Mrs Bridget O' Keeffe to Brighid Ní Caoimh, Lyredaowen, Co. Cork duchas.ie

“Thade Horgan then told a story about Ó Caomh na madraí.” There were

many families of the O'Keefe's in the district of Lyre but they have died out one by one. Some years ago, when Kate O'Keefe died some men who were going to a fair in Kanturk about four o'clock in the morning, heard the barking of dogs. The barking was very strange and the men stood to listen. They got terrified, however, when the wicked yelping came over their heads from the direction of Kate O'Keefe's house and with the speed of a snipe crossed the country towards the north of Dunhallow which was the O'Keefe's country. Afterwards the men learned of Kate O'Keefe's death and the old people of the district told them that she belonged to the "Ó Caomh na Madraí" Thade Horgan, Dúchas.ie

"I eased my head into the wild form of the hare and I asked that primordial wild form to heal my head and to [remove] my European [western canon] education." — John Moriarty

For a long period, however, after the revolution, the last of the race of our bards, indignant at the national oppressions, and disregarding the terrors of death or exile, which inevitably followed detection, poured forth their feelings of political hope, enmity, revenge, or despair, in strains, which roused and strengthened those passions in the breasts of their desponding countrymen. These "heart home lays" of their venerated bards, the people treasured up in their memories ; and, as it was treason to sing them openly, they were chaunted at private meetings, or by the cottage fire-sides throughout the land, with feelings lit tie short of religious enthusiasm. By these means, the embers of discontent were fanned and kept alive, until they burst forth in those terrible conflagrations ....
Irish Minstrelsy, Hardiman vol II, 1831.

Trí gráda coillte túath inna ngói: gói ríg, gói shenchada, gói bretheman. Three ranks that ruin tribes in their falsehood: the falsehood of a chief, of a

historian, of a judge.

the Virtues, Learning, Eloquence, and Patriotism of the Irish Bishops, Priests and Students of the Penal Days... IRISH SCHOLARS OF THE PENAL DAYS: GLIMPSES OF THEIR LABORS ON THE CONTINENT OF EUROPE. REV. WILLIAM P. TREACY

Do na daoine atá cróga agus dílis níl a dhath doiligh.
Briseann an dúchais tri shúile an chat.

The Chief of truth. He and truth increase each other, strengthen each other, strive for each other, and build each other up... Audacht Morainn

Sifu/The master can keep giving because their is no end to Sifu's [treasures in heaven]wealth Sifu acts without expectation succeeds without taking credit, and doesn't think that he is better than anyone else.
Tao Te Ching, Mitchell trans

As the sun is to the earth, so Honour is to a man. without it, he will not flourish. All else may fail you, but honour is the treasure no one can take from you, the shield no one can penetrate unless you let them. Honour is beautiful and clean. Honour is sacred. Morgan Llywelyn, Red Branch

from The Brehon Laws by Laurence Ginnell, 1894 Still, competent judges say that our extant manuscript materials are, both for antiquity and intrinsic worth, treasures such as no nation north of the Alps can boast of. Any one who suspects this for a Gaelic exaggeration had better visit the Royal Irish Academy and have [their] incredulity speedily and agreeably cured by the evidence of [their] own eyes.

Éire i bpáirt, Éire ar lár. Ireland divided is Ireland laid low Trí doruis gúa: tacra fergach, fotha n-utmall n-eolais, aisnéis cen chuimni. Three doors of falsehood: an angry pleading, a shifting foundation of knowledge, giving information without memory.

:"IRISHMEN AND IRISHWOMEN: In the name of God and of the dead generations from which she receives her old tradition of nationhood, Ireland, through us, summons her children to her...cherishing all of the children of the nation equally, and oblivious of the differences carefully fostered by an alien Government, which have divided a minority from the majority in the past...
...We declare the right ... to be sovereign... The long usurpation of that right...has not extinguished that right...In every generation the Irish people have asserted their right to national...sovereignty... Proclamation of 1916

Fenian Proclamation 5 Márta 1867 Is iomaí athrú a chuireann lá Márta dhe "We have suffered centuries of outrage, enforced poverty, and bitter misery. Our rights and liberties have been trampled on by an alien aristocracy, who treating us as foes, usurped our lands, and drew away from our unfortunate country all material riches. The real owners of the soil were removed to make room for cattle... But we never lost the memory and hope of a national existence.

I am the Old Woman of Beare, An ever-new smock I used to wear : To-day —such is my mean estate— I wear not even a cast-off smock. THE LAMENT OF THE OLD WOMAN OF BEARE

Nic Meloney, Wolastoqew video journalist raised on Cape Breton Island in Nova Scotia/Mi'kma'ki CBC.com "Back when Cornwallis made the scalp

proclamation, a scalp was worth 35 pounds sterling," she said. "A friend of mine did the math with inflation and it would be worth almost $13,000 Cdn today."

Aithníonn ciaróg ciaróg eile.

Trí doruis a n-aichnither fír: frecra n-ainmnetach, ái fossad, sóud fri fíadnu. Three doors through which truth is recognized: a patient answer, a firm pleading, appealing to witnesses.

Vandana Shiva, Yes! magazine, Dec 31, 2002 Just like Chief Seattle talked about being in the web of life, in India we talk about vasudhaiva kutumbkam, which means the earth family. Indian cosmology has never separated the human from the non-human—we are a continuum. "

An t-sean Bean bochd

Aithnítear cara i gcruatán. A friend is known in hardship.

...Trees and Native Irish Law~ Brehon Law, the native legal system of Ireland is incredibly forward-thinking, eschewing corporal punishment for fines and other forms of restitution. It provides extensive protection for trees, classified in four groups: Nobles of the Wood, Commoners of the Wood, Lower Divisions of the Wood, and Bushes of the Wood. In some cases the penalty for unlawfully felling a chieftain tree could be the same as the penalty for killing a human chief...

Yoruba Pai lotun pai losi, t'oju o ba fo, a ko ma wo bai bai ni
Hardship here and there would definitely yield a broken personality.

. From earliest times, the Irish were a scholarly and a literary people, who honoured their bards, ollaves (historians), and brehons (judges) equally with their Rí (chiefs). L. M. McCRAITH.

Enibama ba esu jeun sibi e a gun
You need a long spoon to dine with the devil.

Dligid othar a íarfaigid.
A sick person deserves to be looked after.
Aldfrith, Chief of Northumbria

Plant gwirionedd yw hen ddiarhebion.
The children of truth are old proverbs.

Ua Kuluma Ke Kanaka I Ke Aloha
The peaceful and serene Is the Norm of the world. -Lao Zi
Ní mhealltar an sionnach faoi dhó

Marbh le tae agus marbh gan é.
Murdered with tea, murdered without it.

Ciall agus míchiall — dís ná gabhann le chéile.
A most numerous tribe, the Ó Keeffes have remained remarkably faithful to Munster, particularly to County Cork.

In our prophecies it is told that we are now at the crossroads: Either unite spiritually as a global nation, or be faced with chaos, disasters, diseases, and tears from our relatives' eyes.
Lakota Keeper of Sacred White Buffalo Calf Pipe Chief Arvol Looking Horse

Gan cholt for criabh ceireine gan geart fearbú fora n-asad aithrinni gan adhbhai fhir iar ndrúbaí díasoirchí gan díl daimhe reisse ropsain Breisse Ní fil a mhaín trá Breisse

Tír fo Thuinn (Land Under the Waves) Tír-Faoi-Thonn (Country Under Wave) Tír-faTonn (Under-Wave Land) Gorre, Alsoth Goirtonn (Far Blue Isle)

No, You Need a History Lesson: The US Confederate Flag Is a Symbol of Hate

This Bodagh who was the wizard chief of the Island, according to Manx tradition, lived somewhere in the North of the Island. He went to live in Ireland after it is told 'he rolled into the sea at Jurby Point'. Mannanan Beg Alas Leir (Manannan Mac Lir) was his name in the Island, but he gave himself the name of "Boddagh yn cooit laatchagh" when he decided to run a race against Iron Bones in Ireland." Finbarr O'Regan

It is the Island of pious, generous chieftains ;
It is the Island of orderly, excellent hospitallers ;
The Island which supported hosts and wanderers ;
The Island of divines and of nobles,
the bulwark of sovereignty
St. Donatus' description of Ireland in the ninth century

John O Keeffe... [won] the 2014 Nobel Prize for Medicine with Norwegian couple May Britt and Edward Moser. The Nobel Prize was won for discovering the brain's "inner GPS" which helps us humans to know where we are, where we have being to and how find our way in through the world. It is believed that this discovery will help in the understanding of the mechanism underpinning the devastating spatial memory loss that affects

people with Alzheimer's disease and strokes. Through the discovery of the internal GPS of the brain the cognitive functions of planning, memory and thinking will give scientist more information and create new findings. In December 2014 University College Cork recognised Professor John O Keeffe's immense input to neuroscience by making him an Honorary Doctor of Science when he attended to give a lecture to neuroscientists titled "The Hippocampus in Health & Disease".148 —Patricia O Keeffe, Newmarket

Rosc Catha le Mogh Ruith (Mogh Ruith's Battle Cry) (the High King's druids dry up Mumhan's rivers; Mogh Ruith chants:) Buinn fria bráth Brígh fria dloimh ceannbheach cath. Dígla (díglá) daigh ó bhrígh aird saer ní cheal go bhrígh mbáin. I ndeoin áedh ón tsruth theas dían túar brígh go sruth thuaidh. Slúaigh nár thib. Cinnbhea damh fó gach colg re a ndul amach i ndeoin ard cinnbhea damh fo barr scíath a ghlinn. Brigde go háth Cliath in arbáid sin Cíd na conn, bed fo mblog, for mbia mairg romhuidh. Díl rom chealt. Ceannmahr, Muiche, Buireach, Beant, Or nár comhbhrígh friu (go) beacht, Dóibh bás olc. Fía muinter, cinnbhea damh. Toradh toinn, ní bat gluinn faífait buinn.

draoi do mhnáibh dá mhinleanmhain 'a host of women'7

[Ollam ríg Donnchadh Ó Caoimh's] son inherited the title and territory of Fermoy after him, from whom came a long and an illustrious line of descendants in the inheritance of their paternal principality for upwards of five hundred years. At length they were unjustly deprived and plundered of it by English adventurers and Cromwellian troopers for allegiance to their lawful [Rí], who after his restoration, like a true Stuart, lost his sense of gratitude, and forgot not alone the O'Keeffes but every other Irish chieftain who adhered to him in his adversity. The last part of their inheritance,

called Pobal Uí Chaoimh, was put into the hands of greedy adventurers by the king (William), who had no other means of paying his mercenaries. It is now William's Town, very appropriately, but it will never lose its fine irish name, Pobal Uí Chaoimh...

The lands were finally confiscated after 1692, and eventually disposed of by the Hollow Sword Blade Company.

Said Ailill to Fraech, Let your harpmen play ...Now those harpers were wondrous men, by their sides they had sacks of otter's skin, About their bodies the sacks were tied, And they carried their harps within, With stitches of silver & golden thread each case for a harp was sewed; And, beneath the embroidery gleaming red, the shimmer of ruby coral showed! Roeskin about them in the middle, it was as white as snow; Cloaks of linen as white as the tunic of a swan. Harps of gold & silver & bronze, with figures of serpents & birds, & hounds of gold & silver. Gentle & melodious were the triad, And they were the Chants of Uaithne (Child-birth). The illustrious triad are three brothers, namely Gol-traiges (Sorrow-strain), Gentraiges (Joy-strain), And Suan-traiges (Sleep-strain). Boand from the banshees is the mother of the triad

SASANACH DÚCHAIS STAINING A WHITEWASH FORGETTING THE REAL COSTS COUNT UP THE WHOLE RISK, THE WHOLE LOSS RESET TIME CONSCIOUSNESS [DL O'OKEEFE, FESTIVUS CLOCK] EASY PHRONESIS MÍ MUERTA MÍ VIDA MO MHACHA MO BHEATHA

SO an O'Keeffe after fighting basically for foreign kings in his own land,

turns to the French colonial empire to maintain privilege and then is granted a title on an Island which is a slavery hub. Oh, ancestor Constantine, help us all to remember you bound us by the blood to the fate of the Island of Mairitius and all the African brothers and Sisters whose lives were lost and sorely pressed for hundreds of years. I ask forgiveness on behalf of Constantine O'Keeffe.
“I'm frightened all the time. But I never let it stop me. Never!” Georgia O Keeffe

Hospitality, and courage, and brightness, and fame without sorrow. The choicest qualities—the purest, the noblest—and esteem, The Phoenix of all Munster, their fortress, and their strength ——O stone.

O'KEEFFE Esqr. Lineally descended from the [CHIEFS] OF IRELAND, The best of Husbands and the worthiest of Men. Deceit and Guile he knew not: Honesty was an innate principle in him.

Irish Chiefs and High-Chiefs Francis John Byrne, 1973
The Old Irish poem on the Passion by Blathmac mac Con Brettan … describes Christ as: ferr fáith, fisidin cech druí rí ba hepscop, ba lánsui
Better he than prophet, more knowledgeable than any druid
A Chief who was bishop and full sage
More excellent his form than that of any human being,
more vigorous his stout vigour than that of any wright,
wiser than any breast under heaven,
more just than any Brehon. …

CERT CECH RIG CO RÉIL 1912 T. O'donoghue, Selected and remixed. Give thanks to God; it is not too much, o [chief]; it is your duty, o [chief]; offer [God] thanks for every benefit. Of the Clann Eógain, without concealment,

whether freeman or active stranger, honour every man as if he were a [chief] or a prince. For the sake of Thy cross, of Thy passion, of Thy Ríocht, O Prince, come valiantly to my aid in all the sufferings of my soul. For the sake of each noble intercession in heaven and on earth, I pray Thee, O Christ of my heart, that the Ríocht of Heaven may be for my soul. For the sake of Thy cross, of Thy passion, protect me against all iniquity, lest, O Heavenly Rí, the temptations of demons or men destroy me. For the sake of Thy cross, of Thy passion, come forthwith to my aid; before I go from the living world take from me every unrighteousness.
Of Thy vast mercy protect me at all times, put into my soul Thy great love, that it may be overflowing with love for Thee.

According to Michael Dames, Geároid the man "came to emulate Lugh's and Finn's roles at Lough Gur in joining the world of men to that of the [heroes]." Geároid, son of an invader, a foreigner, was taken to the heart of the Lough Gur myth cycle, and installed there by local people as 'an enchanted [druid]...a lost leader whose return is awaited, and a feared [Chief] of the [Banshee] host [An Slua Sí].' 'I am the son of the [Chief] of the [Norman [Túatha Dé Danann]] sung in Co. Limerick in 1879... http://www.voicesfromthedawn.com/lough-gur/ Dibruno

The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars, but in ourselves. William Shakespeare, Julius Caesar

Keating's History of Ireland: Tré bhonn Aonghuis anba an bhroid, Do chuaidh rinn bhaichle bPádroig; Gur líon an t-urlár da fhuil, An gníomh ní cómhrádh coguir. Through the foot of Aengus, great the discomfort, Went the point of Patrick's crozier; So that the floor was covered with his blood, The deed is no whispered gossip. [Translated by P.S. Dinneen]

For a mother is a venerable treasure, a mother is a goodly treasure, the mother of saints, and bishops, and righteous men, an increase of the [Ríocht] of Heaven, a propagation upon earth.f

Regret for the long-pillaged land of our Dúchas, When earth was all gladness and life knew but joy; Oh! Could I recall them - those bright golden hours, When O'Keeffes and O'Duggans loved our home in Fermoy.

1. **Azure, a lion rampant or, for O'Keeffe, 2. Sable, an armed knight proper, on a grey horse, ground vert, 3. or, a peacock in its pride proper, 4. vert, three lizards in pale or, impaling or a chevron ermine, between three trefoils slipped proper. The supporters are two lions rampant and the motto Forti et Fideli nihil difficile [Do na daoine atá cróga agus dílis, níl a dhath doiligh.]...**

White Cat Protecting the Hidden Treasure of Tipperary The strangest story I ever heard was told by an old man about two months ago about a hidden treasure. About two miles from Nenagh in the parish of the Silvermines there is a hill called Derry Hill. There was gold hidden at the end of this hill under a tree a long time ago by an old gentleman. When this man was dying he called one of his servants to mind the hidden treasure for him after his death. Then the servant died twelve months after the gentleman. After that nobody minded the hidden treasure. Until about thirty years ago an uncle to the man who was telling me the story went out one night to search for the hidden treasure. He took three other men with him and a lady to hold the light while they were digging. They dug for about one hour and at last they came to a stone flag. They were going to lift the flag when a white cat frightened them away. They went home and nobody ever bothered since." —As relayed by Michael Kennedy, Nenagh, Co. Tipperary The Blarney Stone The most traditional story of the famous Blarney Stone

involves Clíodhna. Cormac Laidir MacCarthy, the builder of Blarney Castle, being involved in a lawsuit, appealed to Clíodhna for her assistance. She told him to kiss the first stone he found in the morning on his way to court, and he did so, with the result that he pleaded his case with great eloquence and won. Thus the Blarney Stone is said to impart "the ability to deceive without offending". He then incorporated it into the parapet of the castle. To be fair, Clíodhna does not take credit for all the blarney of the MacCarthys. Queen Elizabeth noted in frustration that she could not effect a negotiation with Cormac MacCarthy, whose seat was Blarney Castle, as everything he said was 'Blarney...

when the Dagda called upon his harp by its two names: "Come Daur Dá Bláo / Come Cóir Cetharchair / Come summer, come winter.." the harp leapt off the wall and came to him. ...

The Daghda had many wonderful possessions: his cauldron of plenty, which never ran empty, and could feed as many man as sat down to it; his mighty club, one end of which could kill a man, and the other end of which could restore him to life. But perhaps his greatest treasure was his harp, Uaithne, called the Four-Angled Music. It was made of oak and richly decorated, and only the Daghda could get music from it strings. He could make anyone who heard it laugh for joy, or weep with sorrow, and the playing of this harp made the seasons come in the correct order.
https://bardmythologies.com/the-dagdas-harp/

A chaomha Éireann, Duine a shlánú ar rud. Shlánaigh sé é féin. Caill a shlánú.

Uaithne (a) Prop, support; post, pillar. (b) (Of bone structure) a skeleton. 2. Fig: Pillar. Uaithne Junction, union. (b)Ling: Consonance. (c)Music:

Consonance, concord. 2. ~ an chinn, (suture at) back of head. https://www.teanglann.ie/en/fgb/uaithne

Ná lig don choire cur thairis. cairi fulocht benar bas chnoe foisce frisna laim i saith soi.

Mallow Field Journal #9 1991, Kilshannig Mythology,Tales and Beliefs, John J. Kavanaugh "The most popular legend holds that Cleena was one of the two daughters of Draoi Rua - Redheaded Druid ... of Fermoy. Cliona (Cleena) was lovely but her sister Aoivel was "all beautiful". They both fell in love with Ó Caoimh of Cullen (Cullen Uí Chaoimh near Millstreet). He first turned his thoughts on Cliona, but Aoivel won him. Cliona then called on her old nurse to teach her magic spells to punish Aoivel. Her enchantments worked and Aoivel declined. Her beauty faded and after a lingering illness she died - or so it seemed, but Cliona and her nurse took the spell-bound Aoivel from her vault and carried her to a cave under Castle Cor - five miles north-east of Fermoy. When she awoke and still confessed her love for Ó Caoimh, Cliona waved her wand and changed her into a beautiful white cat, to be imprisoned for ever in that cave. Cliona succeeded in marrying Ó Caoimh and bore him a son and two daughters. In time Ó Caoimh learned of the terrible fate of Aoivel, and he requested Cliona to set her free from the enchantment. She admitted that she wished to set her free, but could not do so, as she had lost her magic wand! She had, however. told Aoivel that Ó Caoimh was killed in battle against the Norse invaders at Dundalk, and she had become reconciled to her loss. This was too much for Ó Caoimh, and Cliona and her children were banished from Cullin. They retired to the fairy palace at Carraig Cliona. When her daughters grew to womanhood, she restored them to their father, and as the story goes, the both made good marriages - one to the O'Neill of Ulster and the other to the O'Connor of Connacht. Cliona's son became the figure-head of the Ó

Caoimh Clan.

AN CAT BÁN Tharla, oíche amháin, go raibh ceathrar fhear imithe go Leaba Chaillí….agus iad ag lorg óir. Bhí an ghealach go hard sa spéir is iad ar an mbealach abhaile agus cheap siad nach rud aon rud le deanamh acu ach an t-ór a bhaint amach. Stad siad ag an uaimh agus bhí braoinín acu… ionas, tá a fhios agat, go mbeadh misneacht acu agus job mar sin ar siul acu. Bhuel mar a deir an sean fhocal "Tús maith leath ne hoibre" so thosaigh na fir ag tochailt. Bhí siad ag tochailt is ag tiochailt is ag tiochailt agus deamhain ar bith le fail acu. Sa deireadh thiar, stop duine amháin acu. "Is doigh liom, " a deir sé, "go bhfuil sé in am dúinn dul abhaile." Bhuel níl raibh na focail ráite aige nuair a léim sé amach….. cat mór ait…súile feargacha ag faire orthu go gear, agus eireaball fada ag síneadh amach agus é faoi thine. Bhuel lig na lads scread astu.. a leithéid nach raibh le cloisteáil le fada an lá. Chas siad díreach ar a ruitíní agus thosaigh siad ag rith chomh tapaidh agus ab fhéidir leo. Níor stop siad gur shroich siad an abhainn. Leim siad isteach agus is oth liom a rá gur bháidh duine amháin. Níl orm le rá nach raibh teaspaí ar éinne eile dul ag lorg óir i Leaba Chaillí as sin amach.14 Chonaic mé cheana thú, arsa an cat leis an mbainne te. Heather Smith

duchas.ie from Baile Uí Ghrádaigh, Ceann Tuirc, Ballygrady South, Co. cork The "White Cat" in Castle Cor in the barony [a Norman Distinction] of Duhallow Co. Cork In Castle Cor there is a cave, in which lives a "White Cat." Once upon a time there lived a Druid named Keeffe the last of the druids. ….In the cave there are beautiful treasures[said to shine as with a light from within], which the cat possesses. It is said that when the right owner will come back again to Castle Cor that if he runs short of money, it will be easy for him to enter the cave and he shall get everything he wants.

CLÍODHNA1897 'Under this eminence in an easterly direction in the deep

cave of Castlecor [cóir, comhar?], of which...wonders are related. It is said that it contains treasures of gold and silver under the control of a white cat, who is seated n a throne of great value, and that this cat was once the beautiful Aoivil, metamorphosed into ... her natural form for the space of a week every year at midsummer; and that whoever is so fortunate as to visit her during that time, is free from the desire of sordid gain, and prefers her, with her beauty, to her treasures...put an end to her enchantment. This is similar to the spell laid on Cuanan and his beautiful daughter, who are confined to their palace in the Blarney lough, as well as Giroid Jarla in Lough Guir, together with various other celebrated personages, who are not likely to be freed from their enchantment in this age, so devoted to sordid gain.,,,...the happy day when some person will love her on her own account more than her treasures. In the event the enchantment will be dissolved, and their happiness will be complete and unequalled. They are both truly happy during... midsummer eve, when Cleena and all the [[Túatha Dé Danann]] assemble to rejoice and congratulate her. But at the expiration of the week she departs for the "grey rock" in gloomy sadness. Clíodhna, Journal of the Cork Historical and Archaeological Society, 1897.

Iomarbhágh na bhfileadh O sons of Eibhear, if you find your honour standing secure owing to my learned well- reasoned poem, it were not strange that I get the reward of it ! 10. The honour-price worthy of your race, the race that leaves no brave man lying low I have a right to that for defending your race — though my claim be [difficult] to grant. 11. Much as Mac Liag * of Luimneach got — half of what he got is not known — he did not merit from the fair ' Muimhneach band as great reward as I. 12. Seeking my reward I will pay a visit — with some importunity — to you, fair sons of Eibhear ! On no bootless visit shall I get it. 13. I shall not forget the race of good Carthach...with their kindred branches, who set no store on paltry

love of treasures.'^ McDonogh,Ealla's good lord, and the people brave in the battle-throng, the brave O Keefes and O Callaghans. i6. The O Mahonys and the McKennas , the noble O'Sullivans, brave Mac Gillacuddy, that martial warrior hero. McAuliffes who support poets' schools, the modest-visaged O'Donohoes, whose glory is preeminence in sharp good lances, and the fierce-armed McFineens. * 18. The O Hehirs are of the same stock, and the brave O Moriarties. Count the O Donovans of them too...

O'KEEFFE, James George (1865–1937) J. G. O'Keeffe was an exceptionally gifted man with an attractive personality, being brilliant in conversation, full of wit and quick at repartee. His father was a ... farmer living near Kanturk .... He inherited from his own people a fine Irish culture including an excellent knowledge of traditional Irish dancing of which he was a most graceful exponent'. Scríobh Fionán Mac Coluim in Irish Book Lover XXVI Uimhir 2, 1935: 'I remember his conducting a large Irish class for us at the rooms of the Irish Literary Society, Adelphi Terrace, soon after we started the Gaelic League at Chancery Lane. O'Keeffe's class, owing to his own connection with the Irish Literary Society, was attended by many of its prominent members... Diarmuid Breathnach Máire Ní Mhurchú

The Siege of Droim Dámhgháire Alice Dooley, knocklong.com THE BOOK OF LISMORE Lismore is a town in Co. Waterford, situated on the River Blackwater, at the foot of the Knockmealdown mountains. It is located approximately 119km from Cork and 22km from Dungarvan on the N72. Lismore dates back to 636 when St. Carthage arrived and established Lismore Abbey. The Book and a crozier were discovered hidden in a secret recess in the walls of Lismore Castle, Co. Waterford by workmen in 1814. They were enclosed in a wooden box in a built-up doorway. The Castle of Lismore was built in 1185. The Book of Lismore is in Chatsworth House in Derbyshire in England, the main residence of the Duke of Devonshire, who

also owns Lismore Castle. The Lismore Crozier can be viewed in the National Museum of Ireland. .. THE BOOK OF LISMORE and "The Siege of Knocklong" The Book of Lismore contains the text of "The Siege of Knocklong", a battle between Cormac mac Airt and Fiachra Moilleathan, and stories of the druid, Mogh Roith. THE BOOK OF LISMORE and "The Travels of Marco Polo"

...The Book of Lismore was written in the fifteenth century for Finghin Mac Cárthaigh Riabhach and his wife Caitlín. It was compiled in Timoleague and came into the possession of the Earl of Cork at Lismore Castle after a siege in the 1640s. It remained there until it's discovery in 1814. It contains secular and ecclesiastical texts. The Book contains the text of The Siege of Dámgháire/Knocklong. It also contains a copy of the Travels of Marco Polo, the lives of the Saints, including Patrick, Colmcille, Brigid, Senán, Ciarán and Mochua, a copy of An Teanga Bithnua (The Ever-New Tongue) the title of a dialogue between the Hebrew sages and the apostle Philip.

The Book also contains the Poems of Saint Molaise, The conquests of Charlemagne, a History of the Lombards, a copy of Lebor na Cert (The Book of Rights), on the taxes and tributes of the Territories of Ireland, The Triumph of Cellachán of Cashel "Caithreim Cellachain Caisil" on the wars between the Norse and the Irish, a medieval account of Antichrist, stories of Queen Maeve and The Táin and tales of Fionn mac Cumhaill from Acallamh na Senórach (Colloquy of the Ancients) The Siege of Knocklong has been translated into English by Seán Ó Duinn [Mullach abú!]. Forbhais Droma Dámhgháire, The Siege of Knocklong (Mercier Press. Cork, 1992).

The Book of Lismore Eugene O'Curry's account The following pages are taken from O'Curry's Lectures on the Manuscript Materials of Ancient Irish History, (Dublin 1861), Lecture IX, 196–200 and were prepared by CELT

volunteer Spencer Zepelin from Davidson College, North Carolina.

The chief items of the contents are: Ancient Lives of Saint Patrick, Saint Colum Cille, Saint Brigid of Kildare, Saint Senan (of Scattery Island, in the Lower Shannon), Saint Finnen of Clonard, and Saint Finnchu of Brigobhan, in the county of Cork, all written in Gaedhlic of great purity and antiquity; the conquests of Charlemagne, translated from the celebrated romance of the middle ages, ascribed to Turpin, Archbishop of Rheims; the conversion of the Pantheon at Rome into a Christian Church; the story of Petronilla, the daughter of Saint Peter; the discovery of the Sybilline oracle in a stone coffin at Rome; the History of the Lombards (imperfect); an account of Saint Gregory the Great; the heresy of the Empress Justina; of some modifications of certain minor ceremonies of the Mass; an account of the successors of Charlemagne; of the correspondence between Archbishop Lanfranc and the clergy of Rome; extracts from the Travels of Marco Polo; an account of the battles of the celebrated Ceallachan, [Rí] of Cashel, with the Danes of Erinn, in the tenth century; of the battle of Crinna, between Cormac Mac Art, [Rí] of Ireland, and the Ulstermen; and of the siege of Drom Damhghairé [now called Knocklong, in the County of Limerick], by [Rí] Cormac Mac Art, against the men of Munster.

This last, though a strictly historic tale in its leading facts, is full of wild incident, in which Mogh Ruith, the great Munster druid, and Cithruadh, and Colptha, the druids of the monarch Cormac, bear a most conspicuous and curious part.

The last piece in the book is one of very great interest; it is in the form of a dialogue between Saint Patrick and the two surviving warriors of the band of heroes led by the celebrated Finn Mac Cumhaill, Caoilté, the son of Ronan, and Oisín [commonly written in English "Ossian"], the warrior-poet,

son of Finn himself. It describes the situation of several of the hills, mountains, rivers, caverns, rills, etc., in Ireland, with the derivation of their names. It is much to be regretted that this very curious tract is imperfect.

But for these defects, we should probably have found in it notices of almost every monument of note in ancient Ireland; and, even in its mutilated state, it cannot but be regarded as preserving many of the most ancient traditions to which we can now have access, traditions which were committed to writing at a period when the ancient customs of the people were unbroken and undisturbed.

The Singing the Litany of Ire1and—Lismore.
KUNO MEYER, Todd Lectures THE TRIADS OF IRELAND

Lismore Abbey from CladdaghDesign.com Lismore has strong historical and ecclesiastical links – it was founded way back in the 7th century by Saint Mochuda (also known as Saint Carthage) at the foot of the Knockmealdown Mountains and by the banks of the River Blackwater. The town is best known for the highly significant Lismore Castle and (former) Abbey. Lismore Abbey was founded by Saint Mochuda in the year 635, on a steep hill that overlooks what is now the town centre of Lismore. Mochuda had spent almost forty years in the monastery of Rahan in southern Meath but was evicted due to disagreements he had with the abbot there. He fled to Lismore, was granted some land by the local prince, and founded the monastery. Sadly he died two years later...

...It produced several notable saints and scholars over the years including Saint Cataldus (or Cathal), Saint Cuanna, and Aldfrith, Rí of Northumbria. At its peak Lismore was the most celebrated monastery in the south of Ireland and was an important place of pilgrimage. Many Irish princes in their dying

days chose to give up the sceptre and spend the last moments of their lives there.

As Lismore was considered to be one of the most important monasteries in Ireland – and by far the most important one in the south of the country – it didn't come as a surprise to many when the Lismore Crozier emerged in 1814....

...During the course of the renovations a blocked-up doorway was discovered in a not often used passageway. When the doorway was cleared, two objects of significant value were discovered behind it; the crozier and the Book of Lismore (an account of the Irish saints written in early medieval Gaelic), which was enclosed in a wooden box for safekeeping ...We know from an inscription on the body of the crozier that it was crafted from 1090 – 1113, was ... crafted by a man named Neachtain. The case of the shrine enclosed an old oak stick, which is said to be the original crozier of the monastery's founder ...

The Book of Lismore also contains Acallam na Senórach, a most important Middle Irish narrative dating to the 12th century, a text pertaining to the Fenian Cycle.

Dr. Todd then goes on with a detailed analysis of the contents of the Book of Fermoy, extending from page 5 to page 54. On page 20 he states that folio 34 of the MS. book contains a curious and valuable account of the banishment of St. Mochuda, otherwise Carthach, from Raithin (now Rahan), near Tullamore, Rí's Co., and his settlement at Lismore, whereh e founded a celebrated school and episcopal see in the seventh century. His banishment from Raithin seems to have been due to the jealousy of the neighbouring clergy, and partly to his being a native of Munster. On folio 60, Dr. Todd

states, begins a tract on St. Molaga, the founder of the church and monastery of Tech Molaga, now Timoleague, Co. Cork, and of many other churches in Ireland—a tract extremely valuable for its topography and local allusions. JOURNAL OF THE Cork Historical and Archaeological Society. Vol. II. MAY, 1893. No. 17. The Early Irish Manuscripts of Munster.

A paperback version of Professor John Carey's edition of the Old Irish cosmological text In Tenga Bithnúa ("The Ever-New Tongue"), has just been published by Brepols. The Ever-New Tongue (In Tenga Bithnúa) is a medieval Irish account of the mysteries of the universe, remarkable for its exotic background and for the fiery exuberance of its style. This translation, based on the definitive edition of the text, renders this extraordinary work available to a wider readership. Composed in Ireland in the ninth or tenth century, The Ever-New Tongue purports to reveal the mysteries of the creation, of the cosmos, and of the end of the world, as related by the soul of the apostle Philip speaking in the language of the angels. Drawing on a multitude of sources, both mainstream and heterodox, it reflects the richness of early Irish learning as well as the vitality of its author’s imagination. https://www.ucc.ie/en/smg/newsevents/the-ever-new-tongue-the-text-in-the-book-of-lismore.html

...In Munster historical tradition he described as a [chief] of the great wisdom as well as a saint bishop. The Fragmentary annals have a following note about him: “A scholar in Irish and in Latin, the wholly pious and pure chief bishop, miraculous in chastity and in prayer, a sage in government, in all wisdom, knowledge and science, a sage of poetry and learning, chief of charity and every virtue; a wise man in teaching, high [chief] of the two provinces of all Munster in his time. --1 Fragmentary annals of Ireland/Ed. and tr. Radner J.N. Dublin, 1978. FA 423 cited in Munster and Irish [chiefing] in 10th-12th centuries, Shingurova_DynamicMA.pdf

Buried Treasure Near the River Suir just opposite the Glengrant which is the village I live in there stands an old castle which belonged to a chief called Power. In the corner of the field in which the castle is built it is said that a great treasure is buried. On certain nights every year Power's ghost comes to the castle on a white horse and it is said that anyone that crosses the field to the corner where the money is buried with the ghost and digs for the money would get it. There was a fisherman called Nolan and he used to be always saying that if he met the ghost he would cross the field with him. One night when Nolan and his companions were coming in from fishing they fastened their boats to a tree on the bank of the river adjoining the field in which the castle is situated. Nolan bent down to tie his boot and while doing so his companions were gone homeward. When he looked up, Power was standing over him and he said " now come over to the corner and I will show you where the money is buried" but the man was afraid. And every night from that on the ghost used to come to Nolan's house and ask for the treasure but Nolan was too afraid and the ghost told him that he could bring anyone to the field with him even the priest but he should cross the field by himself but he would not. Nolan had to fly to America and the ghost was never seen again. Collected by Michael O'Keeffe, age 16 from Edward O'Keeffe "father of the writer and brother to a certain President of the G.A.A. Mr. Robert O'Keeffe"

Mac Carthy's Treasure from duchas.ie as recorded by Helen Clancy from Mrs Ellen Linehan in Blarney, Co. Cork Duchas.ie Everyone who knows the history of Blarney Castle should know about Mac Carthy’s Treasure. When Cromwell attacked the Mac Carthys they (the Mac Carthys) went through a tunnel which led to a lake about 30 acres in area into which they threw all their jewels so that Cromwell would not get them as well as the Castle. Here

is a Legend connected with the lake – Every May a woman riding w white horse appears on the lake. And if the seventh son of the seventh son of the Mac Carthys is there when she appears she will give him the treasure... Many tourists come to visit the Castle and maybe some day one of them will be the seventh son of the seventh son of the Mac Carthys. If it is we hope that he will come on a May morning and that he will visit the lake and by such means receive the treasure of his ancestors.

June 2 [1799]. Communication with Dublin re-established —General Court Martial assembled at the Council Chamber.The first named, Mr. Peter O'Keeffe, charged with administering the United Irishmen's oath, was subsequently tried by Court Martial, and acquitted.

A legend suggests that part of the O'Keeffe family fortune was thrown into the well in the yard to save it from Cromwell's soldiery. This is an often repeated story of those times, and it is perhaps sufficient to say that it has never been found...

These are some old sayings which my mother told me she often heard. "You have the wrong sow by the lug this time." "I am bigger standing like a dog sitting." "The fat is in the fire." "A crow in peacock's feathers." "Sure man a live ." " "Many are called but few get up." "I will do it with a heart and a half."

Which bird can carry the heaviest weight? The crane.

And/On a stage erected and well protected

And decked with laurel, both front and rear
The [chief] of Kerry so brisk and merry
The chief commander of all the fair.

He stands as daring as old Domhnall Dubh.

(Lugh circles his own hosts. on one leg, with one eye closed, one hand behind his back (a form of ritual known as "corrguíneacht" or "crane-prayer") and chants this rosc. (Corrguíneacht is usually associated with cursing, but in this case Lugh uses it instead as a blessing for his own troops' victory). The ritual position itself is known as glám dícenn. (meaning 'satire which destroys'). "

Ár a thraí cath co-mhart ann.

"Muintir Baire an bhrogha ghil,
Do Clannaibh Fothaidh arrocothigh ;
O'Baire ar thir na tuinne,
Ca haille min Manainne. "

"Muintir Bhaire of the fair fort, Of the race of the warlike Fothadh ; O'Baire is over this land of the sea, Is the plain of Manainn fairer?"

o O'Heerin, " Triath u Fear Muighi na mur ccorr O' Dubhagain Diun Manann, Foireann gaoil na sed soraidh, O' Caoimh, gecc a Gleandomhain. "

"Gleann nan Dibergach" anois

The place was subsequently called, in consequence of the finding of the

apple in the ford, Ath Ubhla, or " ford of the apple." On the way northwards along the great road, the charioteer of Mochuda asked him for the apple, but Mochuda stated that by means of the apple would be cured the withered hand of the beautiful daughter of Cuanna Mac Cailein, Rí of Feara Maighe Fene. In Chronicum Scotorum, a.d. 629, is noted the death of Cailcin, son of Dima, from Liathmuine in Feara Maighe.

At Ath Ubhla the great road connected with the white cow, according to the legend of Cork Harbour, crossed the great river of Cork, and passed from Great Island to Ath Ubhla, thence to the Funcheon at Aghacross, to the Red Gap, to Cleghile near Tippcrary, to Ath Fiacla, to Athassel on the river Suir, named Ath Nemthem in Silva Gadelica, to Cashel of the Chiefs.

Dun Manann

the Nem and Laoi (Lee) are stated to be two of the twelve chief rivers of Ireland. From the word Nem is also derived Nemid or Neimheadh, who, as son of Agnoman, has a connection with the Great Island of Cork Harbour, which was named Ard Oileain Neimheadh.

11 Therefore keep watchful service in the company of strangers; let no man bow to our prince; difficult is the knowledge of (men's) natures.

Respecting the Cath Finntragha or the Battle of the White Strand, a name now Anglicised Ventry Harbour, in West Kerry, O 'Curry tells us that this is an ancient Fenian tale, as may be judged from the story mentioned in it of the unfortunate lovers, Cael and Crede ... It begins with the statement that Daire Dornmhar, the Emperor of the whole world except Erinn, calls together all the tributary Chiefs of his empire to join him in an expedition to Erinn to subjugate it and enforce tribute. He arrives with a great fleet at

Glas Carrig (now the Skellig Rocks), off Kerry, piloted by Glas Mac Dremain, a soldier of Kerry, who had been previously banished by Finn Mac Cumhaill. JOURNAL OF THE Cork Historical and Archaeological Society. Vol. II. MAY, 1893. No. 17. The Early Irish Manuscripts of Munster.

Castle Mac Auliffe," says a. writer in the Irish Penny Journal, " formerly the seat of the chiefs of Clanawly, rose on the bank of the river Dalloo, to the left of the road leading from Newmarket to Millstreet, and about a mile from the former. It was a strong building, and towered proudly on a tall cliff that overhung the stream ; but the ruin which time and the fire of the invader had failed in accomplishing, modern vandalism had completed, and its grass-grown foundation can now hardly be traced."

The late gifted Edward Walsh thus touchingly alludes to the decay of the noble house of Mac Auliffe: "Now glooms from afar, o'er the soothing scene, The tall cliff and the wavy wood, And mournful and gray are the rude rocks seen, As heaves the green sod in huge mounds between, Where Castle Mac Auliffe stood. " Here frowned the [cheerful] turrets in lordly pride, Here smiled the [cheerful] chieftain's hall ; The clansmen here marshalled in order wide, "When bonfires high blazed on the mountain's side, For battle at Glory's call. Here ne'er shall the string of the clarsech wake

Filidecht and Coimgne by Sean Mac Airt, Ériu,Vol. 18 (1958), pp. 139- 152. In the traditional view of the growth of history, coimgne ranks with the early inventions ascribed to the [Chiefs] of Munster. These discoveries are in turn gold and silver, , fessa and forbessa, memorials in Ogam (cuimni i nogmaib), pillar-stones (coirthi) for marking boundaries, and (jointly) coimgne and filidecht.

Ni fili nád chomge comathar na scéla uile.

Compert Conchobair or Conception of Conchobar 'Neissi daughter of Echu Yellow-heel was on her throne outside before Emain, and her royal maidens around her. Cathbad the druid went past. He was from the Tratraige of Mag Inis. Said the maiden to him : ' What is this present hour good . for ? ' saith she. ' It is good' saith he, ' to beget a [chief] upon a Banríon.' The Banríon asked whether it were true. The druid swore by the gods, it was true ; the son that would be made at that hour (his name) would live in Ireland till Doom. Then the maiden invited him to her, as she saw no (other) male hear her. The woman became pregnant.

Three things whereby' the devil shows himself in man: by his face, by his gait, by his speech.

Fios Adamnáin
This, the, is the manner of that City: A [Chiefing] without pride, or vanity, or falsehood, or outrage, or deceit, or pretence, or blushing, or shame, or reproach, or insult, or envy. or arrogance, or pestilence, or snow, or wind, or rain, or din, or thunder, or darkness, or cold--a noble, admirable, ethereal realm endowed with the wisdom, and radiance and fragrance of a plenteous land...

The power of the chiefs was broken...and the clan lands were settled by foreigners. The old Gaelic customs and traditions which had been in use from 'time out of mind' had been pushed aside, and the persecution of the [Aboriginal Irish Catholic] population was unremitting...
http://okeeffeclans.com/okeeffefamilies.html

"Although Cromwell spent only nine months in Ireland, his followers were

no less brutal and unmerciful than he was." THE DOMINICANS OF ROSCOMMON Luke Taheny O.P. Saint Mary's Priory Tallaght

Dr. Sigerson is justified in writing: "For a time, Anti-Christ ruled in Ireland. Cromwellian cruelty looks mild...when compared with the Penal Code." Daniel Corkery from Hidden Ireland: A Study of Gaelic Munster in the Eighteenth Century

[E]ach generation should pay to its successors the debt it owes to its forerunners; that thus, by spending itself for the benefit of its children, the human race ensures the progressive development of all. St. James Ó Connolly

Ghadraigh Mac Aodhagáin ... 'as a good chief-Brehon is bound to expound the statements of each party, correct false information, and maintain justice in its rightful place...'

It is not the Ireland of old that we have to-day. But an Ireland of English speech, and English pride, An Ireland without strength, and in misery extreme. An Ireland without Irish, and without love for poetry — Peter Galligan, Nobber, County Meath, as captured from a manuscript in Seanfhocla Uladh, Énrí Ó Muirgheasa, 1907

Ní féidir an dubh a chur ina gheal ach seal. You can only deny the truth for a while

...A legendary account of Niall's birth and early life is given in the possibly11thcentury tale Echtra mac nEchach Muimedóin ("The adventure of the sons of Eochaid Mugmedón"). In it, Eochaid Mugmedón, the High chief

of Ireland, has five sons, four, Brión, Ailill, Fiachrae and Fergus, by his first wife Mongfind, sister of the chief of Munster, Crimthann mac Fidaig, and a fifth, Niall, by his second wife Cairenn Chasdub, daughter of Sachell Balb, chief of the Saxons. While Cairenn is pregnant with Niall, the jealous Mongfind forces her to do heavy work, hoping to make her miscarry. She gives birth as she is drawing water, but out of fear of Mongfind, she leaves the child on the ground, exposed to the birds. The baby is rescued and brought up by a poet called Torna. When Niall grows up he returns to Tara and rescues his mother from her labour...

...Donnell O' Donovan, chief of Clancahill, is called Dragon of Tonn Chliodhna by Muldowny O'Morrison in his Inauguration Ode addressed to this Donnell in 1638.

By Blarney Kings blindfold the nations, By Blarney statesmen buy and sell the [saoirse] of the people, By Blarney politicians degrade and use the people, By Blarney pretended patriots delude their followers, By Blarney preachers, poets, divines, liberators are enabled to delude the human race on their own vile and mercenary purposes and sordid vile ends As told by Nora Buckley to Catherine White Ballyveerane, Co. Cork found at duchas.ie

The OKeeffes" writes Cronnelly are "Senior families" of the Eoganacts of the race of Hebrews and derive their name and decent from Camh (and) called Art Caemh or Art the handsome according to a a pedigree in the possession of the late Sir William Bethany which shows Art Og OKeefe 1547-1610, to have been of the 23rd generation in descent from Finghen, 27th from Cairbre crom, and 31st descent from Nadfrach, the [Rí] of Munster. Dernagree, Co. Cork duchas.ie

Beatha Naomh Páidraig Book Lismore After that Naomh Páidraig went into the province of Munster, to Cashel of the [chief]. And Oengus, son of Natfraich, [chief] of Munster, met him, and made him welcome, and brings him with him to his house, to the fort, as far as the place wherein Lecc Padraic is to-day. And Oengus there believed in God and in Naomh Páidraig, and he was baptized and a multitude of the men of Munster along with him. There, then, was the beginning of the baptism of the men of Munster. And then said Naomh Páidraig :

'If Munster-men outrage me Regarding Cashel the head of their baptism, They shall have mutual slaughter amidst their land, Their realm will be in disgrace. From Cashel I have blessed Ireland as far as its borders. With my two hands have I blessed, So that Munster will not be without good.

Gleeson at Queens university Belfast 2019 Gleeson writes.... In Gaelic Ireland, the nexus between authority, genealogy, landscape and place is fundamental to the exercise of power. 'It will be Nad-Fraich's city; everyone's land will be Nad-Fraich's. He who possesses Cashel, he it is who speaks for all Munster [...] all Munster will be pledged to him'.

Tréde neimthigedar filid: immas forosna, teinm laeda, dichetal di chennaib. Three things that constitute a poet: Universal wisdom, poetic exegesis, improvisation.
Uraicecht Becc

The Chiefs of Caiseal appear to have put forward no claims to the monarchy of all Ireland till the year 709, when Cathal, the son of Finguine, ancestor of the family of O'Caeimh (O'Keeffe), and Rí of Munster, plundered the plain of Breagh or Bregia, and compelled Fearghal, the son of Maelduin, monarch of Ireland, to give him hostages ; in consequence of

which he was looked upon by his own people as monarch of Ireland till his death, which occurred in the year 742. But the northern writers do not acknowledge him as monarch Odonovan Lebor na Ceart notes

“The four things to be asked of every composition must be asked of this composition, viz., place, and person, and time, and cause of invention. For example: The place of this composition is great Cork of Munster, and its author is Aniér MacConglinne of the Onaght Glenowra[Glenore, Gleaniúir]. In the time of Cathal MacFinguine, son of Cúcengairm, or son of Cúcenmáthir, it was made. The cause of its invention was to banish the demon of gluttony that was in the throat of Cathal MacFinguine.

Aislinge Meic Conglinne trans. Kuno Meyer https://archive.org/stream/aislingemeiccong00meye#page/64/mod e/2up " Well, Cathal," said MacConglinne, " a vision has appeared to me, and I have heard that thou art good at interpreting a dream." " By my God's Doom!" exclaimed Cathal, " though I should interpret the dreams of the men of the world, I would not interpret thine." An Cloidheamh Soluis Agus Fios Fáth an Aon Sgéil ar na Mnáibh...

Then the Wizard Doctor spoke to his people : ' A troublesome party approaches you tonight, my friends,' said the Wizard Doctor, ' viz., Aniér MacConglinne of the men of Munster, a youngster of deep lore, entertaining and delightful. And he must be well served ; for he is melancholy, passionate, impetuous, violent, and impatient ; and he is eager, fond of eating early ; and he is voracious, shameless,greedy; and yet he is mild and gentle, . . . easily moved to laughter. And he is a man great in thanks-givings and in upbraidings. And no wonder; for he has wit both to

censure and to praise the hearth of a well-appointed, gentle, fine, mirthful house with a meadball...

800s Trecheng Breth Féne (The Triads of Ireland) Ceithre báis breithe: a breith i ngó, a breith cen dílse, a breith cen ailig, a breith cen fhorus. "The four deaths of judgment: to give it in falsehood, to give it without forfeiture, to give it without precedent, to give it without knowledge."

821 Artrí mac Cathail, Eóganacht Glendamnach chief of Cashel and Munster, dies. His great grandson Art Caemh was ancestor of the Ó Caiomh (O'Keeffes) of County Cork.

Sloinne.ie Ó Caoimh, Male (married & unmarried) Uí Chaoimh, Female (married) Ní Chaoimh, Female (unmarried) Uí Chaoimh, House Surname History: Descendant of caomh' (beautiful, noble, gentle, loveable). the o'keeffes, who are of the royal race of munster and of the same stock as the maccarthys and o'callaghans, derive their name and descent from art caomh who was son of fionghuine, Rí of munster, and flourished in the 10th century. donnchadh Ó caoimh, the first to bear the surname, lived in the reign of ceallachan of cashel. the o'keeffes were originally seated at glanworth and possessed the district now called roches' country, in the barony of fermoy; but they were driven thence shortly after the anglo-norman invasion, when they settled in a district in the north-west of the barony of duhallow, to which they gave the name of pobble o'keeffe, and where they maintained themselves as a distinct clan [kept to the ancestral structures] down to the end of the 16th century [seems like it's more like the end of the 17th, possibly, or maybe we still are?] (Sloinnte Gaedheal is Gall)

" Let the nobles of Erin proceed To Temor of the kingly fetters, No Journey longer than this required ; No man shall be without a patrimony. " The noble host shall say there, 'Recount to us our nobility together, The prosperous host of each line that has not melted away, Enumerate the chiefs of each territory. "
O'DUGAN.

Journal Of the Cork Historical & Archaeological Society,vol VIV second series 1908 The Irish ... of co. Cork are : O'Callaghan, O'Cowhig or O'Coffey, O'Crowley, O'Daly, O'Donovan, O'Donoghue, O'Driscoll, O'Dwyer, O'Flynn, O'Haly, O'Hea, O'Hennessy, O'Kearney, O'Keeffe, O'Leary, O'Lyon, O'Lehan, O'Mahony, O'Riordan, O'Sullivan, MacCarthy-Reagh (princes of Carbery), MacCarthy MacDonough (princes of Duhallow), MacCarthy (lords of Musketry), McAuliffe, Meagh, etc. ...By Irish custom all land was the common property of the sept, the chief being the " oldest in descent and worthiest of the blood."

Ciar, son of Fergus, by the celebrated Meabh or Meva, settled in DeisMumhan or Desmond, where he became possessed of a large tract of country, to which his descendants gave the name of Ciarraighe Luachair or Luachra. The following are the generations of the Clan Ciar down to Cathal Roe O'Connor Kerry, who lived in the third quarter of the 17th century....

92. Corc O'Conor, from whom the principal families of the O'Connors Kerry are descended. He married the daughter of Conor O'Keeffe of Duhallow, by whom he had a son,
93. Mahon, chief of Kerry Luachra, who married Johanna, the daugter of Muldoon O'Moriarty of Lough Lein, lord of thirty ploughlands, and had issue.

98. Conor, who married Margaret, the daughter of John Fitzgerald of Callan, was treacherously slain by his own people in 1396. This Conor's brother, Dermod, married the daughter of O'Keeffe of Duhallow, and his son and successor,

99. Conor, prince of Iraght and Kerry Luachra, espoused Kathleen, the daughter of John De Brunell of Kerry, and was slain by his kinsman, Mahon O'Conor, in 1445, whilst on his way to Iniscatha, on the Shannon in a boat...

100.John, lord of Kerry Luachra and Iraghtyconor, married Margaret, the daughter of David Nagle of Monahinny, in 1451 ; he founded Lislaghtan Abbey in 1470, and died in 1485, leaving two sons, namely, Dermod, lord of Tarbert, who married the daughter of John Fitzgibbon, the white knight, and,

101. Conor of Carrigafoyle, who married Johanna, the daughter of Thomas Fitzgerald, Knight of the Valley, by whom he had issue, Charles, Cahir, and Dermod, who died sine prole ; Donogh Maol, who married Ellis, the daughter of Thomas Fitzgerald of Billamullen, by whom he had a son, Conor, of whom hereafter ; and

102. Conor Fionn or the Fair, who married twice, firstly, Margaret, thedaughter of the lord of Kerry, by whom he had a son called Bryan na Lama, or Bryan of the blades, who predeceased his father, dying in 1566 ; and secondly Slaine, the daughter of O'Brien of Killaloe, by whom he had a son,
103 Conor Bacach or the Lame, who married Honoria, the daughter of Dermod, 2nd Earl of Thomond, by whom he had three sons, namely,

Donall Maol, or the bald ; Donogh, and
104. John na Cathach, or John of the conflicts ; and a daughter, Ellen, who married James Fitzmaurice of Ballykiely. John married Julia, the daughter of O'Sullivan More, by whom he had five children, namely, Conor who died young ; Honoria, married to John Fitzgerald, Knight of Glynn ; Winafred, married to Oliver Delahoyde ; Julia, married to Ulick Roche, and Mary who married her kinsman,

JOURNAL OF THE Cork Historical and Archaeological Society. Vol. II. MAY, 1893. No. 17. The White Knight. By REV. CANON COURTENAY MOORE, M.A., Mitchelstown. Council Member.

" THE pedigree of the White Knights is traced back to Cosmo, the Grand Duke of Florence, and one of his ancestors is even said to have conquered the kingdom of Hungary for Julius Caesar...

When they subdued Florence the wild boar was further added. They accompanied William the Conqueror in his expedition against England ; and afterwards, by his orders, overran Wales, killing the prince thereof, and appropriating from him the dragon, which they used as supporters to their arms. This outline, whether founded on fact or fancy, gives a very respectable antiquity to the family, and great glory in deeds of arms. As regards the origin of the title " White Knight" itself, the account of it is briefly this : — Three FitzGibbons who were first-cousins were with the English army of King Edward III ...The circumstances connected with the date, and the incident, are very easily remembered. The king was Edward III. the year was 1333, and the number of knights created was three. Sir Maurice, the first White Knight, was married very soon after wards to Lady Katherine, sister of Edward Bruce, one of the royal family of Scotland. She died eight years after their marriage, and he never formed a second union.

This Sir Maurice is universally praised for his character and conduct both in peace and war. In his declining years he took the habit of St. Dominick (an order to which he had always shown great liberality and bounty) in the convent at Kilmallock, whence he afterwards removed to another house of the order at Youghal, where he died in the year 1357, aged sixty. The princess, his wife, had been buried in this convent, and his remains were laid in her tomb ...

The particulars which now follow throw a curious and interesting light on the social life of that period. Some of them I have frequently heard in conversation as matters of local tradition, as well as found preserved in records. At that time, viz., towards the end of the sixteenth century, the name "Mitchelstown" was in existence; it was written without the "t," and the White Knight, himself, in one of his letters, calls the locality " Visteltoune." It is also des cribed as " Michellston," otherwise " Ballyvisteale."...

We are now able to form a general idea of the position of Edmond, the last White Knight, in this neighbourhood towards the end of the Sixteenth Century, the possessor of immense estates in the counties of Cork, Limerick, and Tipperary, specially mentioned by Queen Elizabeth in a State Paper as able to put a force of 430 men into the field in troublesome times at his own charge. In those days the country was thinly populated and densely wooded. There is a local tradition that at that time you could walk on the tops of trees from the site of St. Fanachan's Well to Kilbehenny, and though this may involve a certain flight of fancy, it is, probably, not an exaggerated statement. A magnate like the White Knight was a law to himself, and to many, or most others within the circle of his powerful influence. For example, he had castles or other resi dences at Mitchelstown, Kilbehenny, Drumroe, Riddery, and Ballyboy near Clogheen, At Drumroe, he established

a court-leet which involved in its jurisdiction the lives, liberty, and property of his tenants and retainers. An example of the action of this court is still recorded. A certain widow named Moher, who lived near Ballyporeen, had given her daughter in marriage to a suitor from the county Waterford. Soon after this marriage several horses were stolen in the neighbourhood, and the stranger being suspected, on the post hoc ergo propter hoc principle, was tried, condemned, and hanged on the gallows, which the Knight always had permanent and handy at Drumroe. The poor man's innocence a few days after was fully established.

...That the knight had the court and the gallows there is no doubt ; and readers of Sir Walter Scott will remember the axe and the block in the court-yard at Inverary Castle, When Sir Dugald Dalgetty passed through on his dangerous mission to the Marquis of Argyll. In those days most of our modern ideas of justice, and its application, were nonexistent, or their rudiments centred in the will of some powerful individuals. .. Certainly the White Knight had much blood upon his conscience to answer for...

...There is only time to notice, in conclusion, the capture of the Sugan Earl of Desmond by the White Knight, a service for which he received a reward of £1,000 from Queen Elizabeth. James Desmond, known as " The Sugan Earl," was nephew of the fifteenth earl. In the year 1598 he joined Hugh O'Neill, Earl of Tyrone, in his effort against England, and by him was created earl. Hence his name, or nickname, of Sugan Ear), " an earl of straw," not appointed by regular authority. He soon became a distinguished commander in Munster against Queen Elizabeth....The capture of the Sugan Earl is described as follows :— The White Knight promised some of his most trusted retainers that he would give £50 and a ploughland free for ever to anyone who would give him the first intelligence of the place of Desmond's concealment, which offer being

accepted, the Knight, accompanied by Redmond Bourk of Muskerryquirk, in the county Tipperary, and by six or seven other pursuers, on the 29th of May, 1601, followed the guide till they came to the mouth of a cave lying in the Knight's country of Clangibbon, on the south side of the mountain named Sleve Grot, well known as the " Gray Sheep's Grave," but ever since called " Desmond's Cave." It should be mentioned here that the fine mountain range, at present known as " The Galtees," was anciently known as " Crotta-Cliath," or "Sliabh-Crot." This cave, according to local tradition, is in a round hill in the townland of Coolagarranroe, and within a quarter of a mile of the caves so well known as
the " Mitchelstown Caves." The White Knight came to the mouth of the cave and called upon the Sugan Earl, who was only attended by Thomas O'Hugh, his foster-brother, to come out and surrender himself prisoner ; but the Earl, on the contrary, called upon Redmond Bourk to seize upon the White Knight, but Bourk and his companions, the rest of the Knight's retinue, seized the earl and his foster-brother and disarmed them, after which they were bound and conveyed to Kilbehenny Castle, which was not far distant....

The distinguished prisoner was conveyed to Cork, and delivered to the Lord President of Munster, at Shandon Castle. He was afterwards taken to the Tower of London, where he remained until his death in 1608. The White Knight him self, and his son Maurice, his heir, died in that same year, and were buried in the Dominican Abbey at Kilmallock. Of their tomb only a slab containing the inscription remains; this slab was repaired and laid in position by Anna, Countess of Kingston. The inscription is in Latin, and is unfinished and imperfect. It may be translated as follows :— " This tomb was erected in memory of that branch of the Geraldines, commonly called ' The White Knights.' " John, with his son Edmond, and Maurice, son of

Edmond aforesaid, and many others of the same family before-named are buried here." There are no dates in -the inscription, which is surmounted by a small incised cross, and the sacred monogram " I.H.S." Thus has been briefly reviewed the life of this powerful and daring soldier, who spent his earlier years in war on the Continent of Europe, and whose life in [Occupied] Ireland was ever one of war on a larger or smaller scale.

The above paper is principally taken from a rather rare work entitled Unpublished Geraldine Documents No. 4, The White Knight, edited by the late Rev. James Graves, B.A., M.R.I.A., in 1881.]

A.D. 1405. -The O'Connor Kerry was slain by Fitzmaurice. In this year, say the Annals of Inisfallen, " the most pitiful, the sorest, the most English- like, and the most abominable act that ever was perpetrated in Ireland before was committed in Desmond, viz. , Dermod, son of Conor O'Connor, who was in captivity and in irons in the castle of the Earl of Desmond, i.e. , of James, son ofGarrett, was deprived of sight and manhood by Maurice, son of the said James and one of the O'Connors." This Dermod was son of Conor O'Connor Kerry (97) by Winafred M'Mahon, of Corkakine, in the county of Limerick, and son- in-law of O'Keeffe, chief of Duhallow, in the county of Cork.

Limerick, its history and antiquities; ecclesiastical, civil, and military,from the earliest ages, with copious historical, archaeological, topographical, and genealogical notes, 1884. by Maurice Lenihan , 1811-1895, Duffy, Dublin. Through these times the page of history is red with details of these atrocities. Victories followed each other on the part of the invaders, until they had the surrounding country under a terrorism and subjection, which the natives could not remove. It was not, however, without earnest and

constant efforts and exertions on the part of the Irish princes, to suppress their atrocities, that they were able to persevere. At length in 943, Callachan, [Chief] of Cashel, taking a lesson out of the book of his illustrious predecessor, Cormac, called his chiefs together, exhorted them against the Danes, and as no part of Ireland suffered more from their plunders, murders, &c. than Limerick, and the borders of the Shannon, Callachan selected the city of Limerick as the field of battle. In the second page of the Wars of Callachan, in the old book of Lismore, where the election of that Prince to succeed to the sovereignty of Munster about A.D. 920, is described, (writes the late Professor O'Curry to the author), there occurs this passage : — " It was then arose the seventeen tribes (of the Eugenians) gracefully and readily to inaugurate Ceallachan * * * * * " The best of those nobles were the tall graceful Sullivan, at the head of the festive race of Pingham ; and the accomplished (in arms) Reardon, at the head of the brave Clann Donnohaile ; and the
valiant Caeleighe ; and the heroic champion Laindecan ; and the brilliant Daineachaidh ; and the brave Cuilen ; and the lucky Ecertach ; and the sound active Lingan." Callaghan, at length, singled out Amlav (Auliff) the Danish commander[so, also an ancestor of mine], and by one stroke of his sword split helmet and skull, and laid him dead at his feet. O'Sullivan followed the bright example and engaged Moran, who was called son to the King of Dennark, and by a well aimed stroke between the helmet and breast-plate, cut off his head; O'Keeffe ran Magnus, the standard-bearer, through the body ; and after a gallant defence Louchlin was killed by O'Riordan. The Danes now gave way on every side, and the Irish pursued them into the city, putting numbers of them to the sword in their castles and houses. But instead of keeping possession of the city Callachan was content with exacting large contributions from the Danes, part of which paid down in gold and merchandise, and hostages taken as security for the remainder. " This success,"says Keating, " gave new life to the prospects of

the Irish."

According to Mary Rita [gramma], Michael [great grampa Ó Kieff] was a patient and sentimental man. When he quit smoking he used to drive behind another wagon where the driver was smoking just to get a whiff. Mary [great gramma McAuliffe-Ó Kieff] was a stern woman but she had a heart of gold. During the late 1800s, she prepared victims of black diphtheria for burial; they were buried at night.

The Mac Auliffes, Hibernice Mac-Amhlaomhs, are of the Eugenian race, deriving their descent and surname from Amhlaomh, great grandson of Carthach, from whom the Mac Carthys derive, according to the following pedigree of Eoghan Mac Auliffe, son of Auliffe-Og Mac Auliffe and nephew of John and Conor Mac Auliffe.

The Mac Auliffes were chiefs of Eas-Ealla, a territory in the province of Munster, comprising " all the wild, moun tainous, and heathy districts lying between Newmarket and the boundaries of the counties of Limerick and Kerry, where the rivers Feale and Blackwater have their sources;" and they are mentioned as follows in the topographical poem of Giolla na neev O'Heerin, who wrote in the 15th century : "Far beyond the bountiful river Allo, And westward of Glen-Selcain of stately trees, Is a fair country of great prosperity, It is the domain of the princely M'Auliffe." The chief residence of the head of this sept was Castle-Mac Auliffe, near Newmarket, in the barony of Duhallow, in the midst of " Mac Auliffe's dark mountains," a name by which the ancient possessions of the family is now known. " Castle Mac Auliffe," says a. writer in the Irish Penny Journal, " formerly the seat of the chiefs of Clanawly, rose on the bank of the river Dalloo, to the left of the road leading from Newmarket to Millstreet, and about a mile from the

former. It was a strong building, and towered proudly on a tall cliff that overhung the stream... from IRISH FAMILY HISTORY ; BEING AN HISTORICAL AND GENEALOGICAL ACCOUNT THE GAEDHALS, FROM THE EARLIEST PERIOD TO THE PRESENT TIME; COMPILED FROM AUTHENTIC SOURCES BY RICHARD FRANCIS CRONNELLY, GOODWIN, IRISH CONSTABULARY FORCE, DUBLIN, 1864.

Amhlaoibh, Female (unmarried) Mhic Amhlaoibh, House Surname History: Son of amhlaoibh' (an irish form of the norse olaf). there are three well-known families of this name: (1) mac amhlaoibh, anglicised macauliffe, of co. cork, a branch of the maccarthys. the head of this family resided at castle macauliffe, near newmarket, and his territory comprised the district lying between newmarket and the boundaries of the counties of limerick and kerry. (2) mac amhlaoibh of fermanagh, a branch of the maguires, whose territory comprised the barony of clanawley. and (3) mac amhlaoibh, anglicised macaulay, of scotland. the chief seat of this family was at ardincaple, in dumbartonshire. a branch of the family settled in co. antrim, and many of the macaulays of the north of ireland are of this stock. to it belonged also the celebrated lord macaulay, (Sloinnte Gaedheal is Gall) Son of anlaf' (a form of the norse olaf); a variant of mac amhlaoibh, which see; very rare, (Sloinnte Gaedheal is Gall)

Uí Laoghaire, Ní Laoghaire, O'Leary sloinne.ie Descendant of laoghaire' (calf-keeper); the name of a family of corca laoighdhe, who were originally chiefs of the country lying around rosscarberry, in west cork, but removed from there about the time of the anglo-norman invasion and settled in the parish of inchigeelagh, where they became lords, under the maccarthys, of the country between macroom and inchigeelagh. the head of the family resided at carrignacurra, about a mile to the east of the village of inchigeelagh. in 1642, connor o'leary of carrignacurra, auliff o'leary of

cunnowley, and fourteen others of the name were attainted. the o'learys are now very numerous throughout munster, (Sloinnte Gaedheal is Gall)

Eóghannachta Tribes
O'Leary. O'Longadh. O'Dubhachain. Mac Carthy Mor.
O'Keeffe. Mac Auliffe. O'Rinn. O'Donoghue. O'Feichin
O'Neill. O'Flanlaoi. O'Dubhain.
O'Collins. O'Connell. O'Daly. O'Mahony. O'Callaghan. O'Callanan.
O'Moriarty. O'Collins. O'Cullen. O'Donall. O'Caomhloingsidh. O'Conall.
O'Cronnelly. O'Dann. O'Ailgnin. O'Hooly. O'Ceitin. O'Meargan. O'Aignach.
O'Canty. O'Eoghan. O'Sullivan. Mac Gillicuddy. O'Quill. O'Riordan. O'Shea.
O'Lyon. O'Cronan. O'Buadhachs . O'Cahalans. O'Maolins. O'Flathniadh.
O'Flynn. O'Agha. O'Maothagan. O'Maolcrain. O'Glamhin. O'Berain.
O'Loingseach. O'Angal. O'Finelly. O'Donovan. O'Feely. O'Conal.
O'Ceallaghan. O'Donnell. O'Duilgin. O'Hea. O'Ceanduibh. O'Mac Trialladh.

83. Eoghan Mor, or the Great, of the battle of the plain of Muchruimhe, born A.D. 124, married Muncha, the daughter of Dil da-Chrega, whom he left pregnant at the time of his leaving his residence of Dun- Eochair, otherwise Dun-Eochair Muighe, now known as Brugh- Righ, or Bruree, in the County of Limerick, to assist the monarch Art, against M'Con. From this Eoghan- More are descended the Eoghanachts of Munster and Leinster of the Heberian line, the principal branches of which were the Eoghanachts of Ros-Argait, or the O'Donoghues of Ossory, onthe Nore, in Kilkenny; the Eoghanachts of Loch- Lein, or the O'Donoghues and O'Moriartys of Killarney ; the Eoghanachts of Rathlen, or the O'Mahonys of Kinelmeaky in Cork ; the Eoghanachts of Glendamhain, or the O'Keeffes of Duhallow; the Eoghanachts Aine, or the O'Kirwicks of Knockany, in Limerick ; and the Eoghanachts Chaisil, or the M'Carthys, O'Sullevans, &c . Eoghan's

only child by his wife Muncha, Fiacha.

84. Let us now return to the second son of Bernard O'Sullivan, by Mary Mac Carthy, Reagh, Philip, who married Honoria O'Connor Kerry, by whom he had Donal, married to Johanna Mac Carthy, by whom he had a son, Eoghan, married to Elizabeth Fitzgerald, by whom he had Rudhraidhe, who espoused Julia Mac Carthy of Drishane, by whom he had Daniel, who married Helena M'Auliffe, by whom he had a son, John, who married Mary O'Keeffe of Killeen, by whom he had Tadg, who married Johanna O'Callaghan, of Clonmeen, in the county of Cork. This chieftain died on the 4th of August, 1706, aged 54 years...

MAC DONOGH CARTIE (PRINCE OF DUHALLOW) .

"Mac Donogh, prince of wide Duhallow,
Rouse thy chieftains to the fight,
Mac Auliffe's clansmen soon shall follow
From their marshy mountains' height.

The war-cry shrill full wildly waxes, Where
O'Keeffe's towering castles soar ;
Mac Sweeny's beamy battle-axes
Thirst to drink the foeman's gore.

The whole of these lands were forfeited at the period of the Revolution, and sold to the Hollow Swords Blades Company, by whom they were put up for sale at Chichester House, Dublin, on the 24th of October, 1702. An affluent branch of the Mac Donnell Carties settled in Donoghmore, in the parish of the same name, in early times, and a few of their descendants are to be met with in that district at the present day. Of this branch was Shane-Clarach Mac Donnell, " a man of great erudition, and a profound Irish antiquary and poet," who was born in 1691 in O'Keeffe's country, near

Charleville, in Cork, and was known as Clarach, from the residence of his family, which was situated at the foot of a mountain of that name, between the above mentioned town and Mallow. " Many productions ofhis are extant," says Hardiman, " composed in his native language, which prove him to have been a man of genius and a poet.

Art Oge O'Keeffe , born A.D. 1547, died May 31, 1610. This chieftain married Honoria, the daughter of Dermod Mac Donel Cartie of Iniskeen, in Carbery, by his wife Ellinor, daughter of Sir Cormac Mac Carthy Reagh, by whom he left issue Daniel, called of Ballymacquirk ; Donogh, of Cuilbeggan, who died May, 14th 1614, leaving a son Donal, born 1601 ; and his successor, Manus O'Keeffe of Dromagh, " chief of his nacion, " born 1567.
Cronnelly

The O'Keeffes were hereditary marshals of the forces of Desmond [or another way to look at that is we were the go-betweens trying to influence the occupiers], and by O'Heerin they are styled chiefs of Glen Amhan, which was, according to Dr. O'Brien, the country around Glanworth, in the barony of Fermoy, and county of Cork, and hence they are sometimes styled chiefs of Feara-Muighe, also of Irluachra

y O'Heerin : "O'Keeffe of the handsome brown brows, Is chief of Irluachair of the fertile lands." A large division of Irluachair, called Poble O'Keeffe, belonged to a senior branch of this family; it contains about 9000 statute acres, the greater portion of which is comprised in the now parish of NohovalDaly, in the barony of Magohiny, and county of Kerry, and the remaining part in the barony of Duhallow, in the county of Cork.

This wild district is ... known as ... Poble O'Keeffe The chief residences of the lords of this country were Drumsicane castle, which stood on the northern bank of the Blackwater, and about equidistant from Drishane castle, one of the strongholds of the Mac Carthys; Dromagh castle; the castle of Du-Aragill; Drumtarifi'e castle; and the castellated mansions of Ahane, Cullen, and Ballymacquirk. A.D. 924. Donogh O'Keeffe, marshal of the forces of Munster, defeated the Danes at Dundalk; see article on Ceallachain Cashel. A.D. 1135. Finghin O'Keeffe, lord of [Fir Maige Féne First Nation] Feine, was slain. A.D. 1063. Ceallach O'Keeffe, an auchorite died. A.D. 1161. Hugh, lord of FearaMuighe-Feine, or [Fir Maige Féne First Nation], died. - A.D. 1583.

This ancient Sept of Munster derives its descent from Art Caemh...who was himself the son of Finguine, a Rí of Munster, whose death in 902 the Four Masters record, as they do that of Ceallach O'Caemh in 1063. At 1135, they have a notice of one of those unfortunate engagements in the County of Tipperary... in which Finguine O'Caemh, Lord of Glennamnach (Glanworth in [Fir Maige Féne First Nation]...) was slain. In 1161 Hugh O'Keeffe, Tiarnach (Lord) of [Fir Maige Féne First Nation] was slain. During these centuries... this family was territorially possessed of a wide district, from their settlement called Pobble O'Keeffe...By the native annalists they are sometimes styled Princes of [Fir Maige Féne First Nation], and were hereditary Marshals and chief leaders in Desmond. In the latter capacity, it is recorded that Donogh Mac Kieffe, Prince of [Fir Maige Féne First Nation], commanded the Irish forces of Munster in 924 Danes into Ulster, obtained a signal victory over them at Dundalk. ...they had castles and estates at Drumsicane, Ductregill, Dromagh, Droumtariff, Cullin, Ahane, Ballymaquirk, &c.

Pobal Uí Chaoimh Annals of the Ríocht of Ireland, Four Masters,

O'Donovan, vol V, 1856 Pobal-Ui-Chaoimh. {Pobal- Ui-Chaoimh, now Pobble-O'Keeffe, situated on the confines of the counties of Cork, Limerick, and Kerry, about ten miles distant from Castle-Island on the west, and from New Market and Kanturk on the east. This tract of land extends about seven miles in length from north to south, parallel with the Blackwater (by which it is in a great part bounded on the west), and about two miles and a quarter in breadth from west to east, on which side it is bounded by the Ownaglyn, a mountain stream flowing into the Blackwater.

"Dr. Albert Casey, in Vol. 1 of "O'Keif, Coshe Mang and Upper Blackwater", lists nine sources, by means of which the O'Keeffe ancestry was traced back to 52 B.C. (to Felim, [Rí] of Munster). Surnames, generally adopted in the 10th Century have been extended back to the beginning of the family line for orientation. One prominent member of the clan, Crevan the Great, [Rí] of Ireland (366-378) was the most illustrious [Rí] of the Eoghannachta, as he obtained sway, not only over Ireland, but over Alba, Britain and France as well. (This may now sound rather farfetched, but if Niall Naoi nGiallach was able to go ravaging abroad in St. Patricks time, why not Crevan, 70 years before!). He was poisoned by his sister, who wanted to make her own son [Rí].

The O'Keeffe line proper begins with Lughaidh O'Keeffe (308-353), uncle of Crevan.

Prominent in this line were Aeneas (411-489) [Rí] of Munster who was baptised by St.Patrick: Eugene (442-523), Crevan (473-543), Hugh (538-592), Cathal (569-621), Arthur (725-806) son of Cathal, [Rí] of Munster, who is considered by some British authors, as possibly the Arthur who was also

[Rí] Cardigan in Wales.

Keeffe O'Keeffe (865-937) was the first to adopt the surname "O'Keeffe" Doncha O'Keeffe commanded the Irish forces in Munster in 924, and after pursuing the Danes into Ulster, obtained a signal victory over them at Dundalk. Hugh O'Keeffe, son of Doncha, was slain at the Battle of Clontarf (1014) Ceallach O'Keeffe, an anchorite, died on 1063. The names Eugene, Conn, Fineen, Hugh, and Manus, occur regularly down the line until 1700. ...

"It is claimed of the O'Keeffe family, that there were 22 Chiefs of Mumhan in direct male line in the family. Ten other Chiefs of Mumhan were brothers, and four who were first cousins. During the tenure of members of this dynasty (one of the longest in world history), Mumhan was not subjected by any foe. The O'Keeffe family does not emerge as an identifiable family unit until the time of Aodh, who was killed at the battle of Clontarf in 1014. According to the Annals of the Four Masters, Aodh's great-grandfather, Fionguine, was slain by his own brother, Ceilecher in 902.

Fionguine had a son called Caoimh, who gave his name to the family, and had a very large territory comprising what later became the Baronies of Fermoy, Clangibbon and Condons in Co Cork. Caoimh was slain in battle on August 16th, 908, leaving a son Donnchadh, who commanded the forces of Mumhan under Callaghan, Rí of Mumhan, against the Danes in 946. Donnchadh's son Aodh, was the first to assume the name O'Caoimh (from his grandfather), pursuant to the edict of Rí Brian Boru in 1004 which stated that all clans should have a distinctive family name, crest and coat- of-arms. The family remained in undisputed control of their lands around [Fir Maige Féne First Nation], until the Anglo-Norman invasion, and for many years

afterwards, until the Roches, the Condons and the Fitzgeralds made gradual encroachments on their territory and eventually, the family retired to the territory in Duhallow, near the river Blackwater, where they settled on a large tract of country, which became known as Pobal Uí Chaoimh." — Eddie Horgan,

As several scholars have noted, the practice of keening was actively discouraged by parish priests, pursuant to post-Reformation Church legislation (Lysaght; Ó Súilleabháin). The means by which priests dissuaded keening women seems to have been wide, ranging from arguments to spiritual punishments, such as exclusion from Mass and sacraments and even excommunication for repeat 'offenders' to corporeal punishments, as in the story reported by Ó Súilleabháin in which the parish priest attacked three keening women with a whip as they keened the dead on the way to the graveyard..." 'Keening the Nation: The Bean Chaointe, the Sean Bhean Bhocht, and Women's Lament in Irish Nationalist Narrative' Kathryn Conrad, The University of Kansas

From a genealogical poem by Tadhg Mac Dáire Mac Bruaideadha (1570–1652) translated by Michael Longan with some minor changes

The reigning house is the family of Uí Chaoimh, Strong Dragons of many and great riches; People of great judgement from the green plains of Lir, The mighty defenders of Cashel.

A conquering party that committed no mean action, Natives that were of late exiled; By those oppressions that afflict the land of Breagh (Dublin area), Which cause them not to enjoy the inheritance of their ancestors.

If the children of Éibhear had not lost The sovereignty of the famous

Cashel, The family of O'Keeffe would not rest Without claiming its undoubted right.

Is dóigh le fear na buile gurb é féin fear na céille. The frenzied man reckons he is the sensible one.

from The Attributes of Erinn Diarmid mac Donaill mac Fineen (The Slender) O'Sullivan sang (as Gaeilge) published 1860 with references to 1750 "O such things were never known in the days of Éibhear Mór North or South, East or West, from the centre to the shore, Men paid not half their taxes with the butter ! long ago, When the true and gallant Gael were a n-Erinn beo (alive in the land)..."

Tobar lachta na n-anbhfann tréith-lag Bó na mbocht, 's a ndorus aonair. A well of milk for the weak and prostrate Cow of the poor, their only door.

Seanfhocla Uladh/Proverbs of Ulster 1907, p. 183 by Énrí Ó Muirgheasa "You were grand for milk when your cow was dry. Before the establishment of creameries in rural districts it was not usual to sell milk, but if any of the neighbour's cows were dry all the other neighbours gratuitously sent them milk, so much so indeed that many poor families never had such an abundant supply of milk as when their own cows were dry. A person who "was not good about milk" was held in contempt. Selling milk was looked upon as a rather mean kind of traffic.

The O'Keeffes were an Irish family of the Eoghanachta and held extensive land around the plains of [Fir Maige Féne First Nation] from where they were driven westward by the advance of the Norman Roches, Condons and FitzGeralds. They then became established around the area of Dromagh, which was their principal fortress. They traced their name from Caoimh, Son

of Fionguine, who was killed in battle in 908 A.D. His name is also associated in semi-myth form an earlier period in which he was said to have been assisted by the Druid Mogh Ruith in war, and afterwards married the Druid's daughter Cliona, head of the Munster [Túatha Dé Danann].

Derrick Ó Keeffe Red River Métis Red River Valley Bridie Gallagher

The families who ruled there, were descended from a common ancestor, Eoghan or Owen. Their descendants to-day are known by the family names of McCarthy, Ó Sullivan, Ó Mahony, Ó Keeffe, Ó Donovan and Ó Donoghue.

Throughout the province were scattered Irish landowners but with few exceptions their territorial power was limited to the south-west where the MacCarthys were the predominant family. They had been hereditary enemies to the Desmond FitzGeralds for centuries....
Michael MacCarthy-Morrogh, THE MUNSTER PLANTATION, 1583-1641, 1983

Uí Chaoimh Fir Maige Féne First Nation Dromagh Castle Drom Áth: The Opening Wave [teanglann.ie Do dhroim a chromadh, to bend one's back; to get down to work. Prov:Chrom Dia an ~ don ualach, God fitted the back for the burden, gave us the capacity to work. Duine a chur ar dhroim an bhóthair, an bhealaigh mhóir, to drive s.o. out of house and home. Ar dhroim talún, an domhain, on the face of the earth. droim toinne, crest of wave. Ar dhroim na bóchna, out on the ocean. droim sléibhe, ridge of mountain. Gaoth ag teacht de dhroim sneachta, wind blowing from an upper region of snow. Duine a chur de dhroim tí, to drive s.o. out of his house.

Cuireadh de dhroim an tsaoil iad, they were wiped out of existence. Dul de dhroim bacainní, to cross obstacles. Tháinig sé de dhroim cúinne orm, he came at me round a corner. An t-áth a fháil ar dhuine, to outmanoeuvre s.o.; to get on the soft side of s.o. Bhí siad ag gearradh na n-áthanna ar a chéile, they were vying with one another to get there first. Fágadh cosaint an áth a orm, I was left to hold the fort. Prov:Mol an t-áth mar a gheobhair, judge things as you find them. Spawning bed (in river). Opening. áth uaimhe, poill, the mouth of a cave, hole.

The O'Keeffes were an Irish family of the Eoghanachta and held extensive land around the plains of [Fir Maige Féne First Nation] from where they were driven westward by the advance of the Norman Roches, Condons and FitzGeralds.

“Well, Well, Well,” Danny O'Keefe/Bob Dylan Until you’ve paid the price you can’t know what it’s worth The air and water, the fire and earth Dig a hole in the ground straight down to hell Till there ain’t no more water in the well, well, well When you’re down on your knees with nothing left to sell Try diggin a little deeper in the well well well

Cuileann Ui Chaoimh: O'Keeffe's Corner

The O'Keeffe lands at Ahane had in fact been confiscated after the Desmond rebellion, but the family lived on as tenants

When the last member lay dying in Millstreet Union Work House, as told to me by the Hickey brothers of Cullen, dogs were heard crying. This was said

to be the case when any member of the family was about to die. They were fond of their dogs, and insisted on taking them into the church at Cullen during Mass until the priest denounced them from the alter. They were so enraged at this that one Sunday after Mass they followed him from Cullen to Nohavaldaly to kill him: but his horse jumped over a stream at Nohaval and sudden flood prevented them from following

After the Confederate War the O'Keeffes lost their land, which had stretched from Templemichael to Glenville and much of it went to the Barrys.

Local historian John Healy told a story of one Caol MacArt O'Keeffe, who lived the life of a rapparee. On his death bed the local priest told Caol MacArt that he would never see the gates of Heaven. After Caol died the priest, traveling on a lonely road at night, heard the sound of whirlwind and suddenly saw Caol mounted on a white horse on the ditch above him. 'How fares it?' said the priest, 'since you led the life of a robber?' Caol answered that he only robbed the rich in order to give to the poor, and he then vanished. The story is of the time following Cromwell's devastation when many dispossessed Irish gentry who scorned a move 'to Hell or Connaught' were supported by the country folk and lived as outlaws.

It was held, as were the castles at Ballindura and Ballyvorisheen by branch of the ancient Gaelic family of the O'Keeffes of Dromagh who had been thrown west from their settlements around Fermoy at the time of the Norman advance. In this area their land extended north to Glenville.

They were havily involved in the Confederate War of 1641-52 however, on

the Irish side, and failure here swept the O'Keeffes, as powerful landlords, out of the area. Caol Art O'Keeffe (see Ballindura) is a semilegendary figure of the countryside. He is said to have possessed Dunbulloge, which was felled by Cromwell, and he continued his existence as a rapparee after the family was dispossedded. He is recorded as having been involved in a battle near Castlelyons against the Barrymores (possibly in Castlehaven's advance) and to have been buried in Bunbulloge graveyard. There is the not unsual story of a 'churn of gold' being buried by Caol, also in the graveyard; and the O'Keeffes were said to have made wine in caves in the vicinity (possibly at Ballindura).

It was no surprise long ago to see Cliadhna leading the May Eve dance of her followers in the light of the moon and it is said that O'Keeffe, the chieftain, came there very often to ask the help of the [Túatha Dé Dánann] queen to whom people said she was married. Cliadhna deserted him and after that his spirits sank and he died while he was still a young man. His eldest son inherited his chieftainship and property of Fermoy, and his descendants continued to hold it for the next 500 years. They were finally dispossessed by English adventurers in the time of Cromwell, and the only remaining portion of their inheritance, called Pobal UíCaomh was given by King William III to one of his mercenaries, and anglicised Williamstown, which name is now applied to a village in the district of North Cork.

Caol Art O'Caoimh. Do bhí muinntir O Chaoimh ag rialiu na h-áite seo uair. I n-aimsear Cromail do cuireadh ar a dtaltaí iad agus dubhradar leo "dul go ifrinn no go Connacht." Do bhí Art pósta agus do chuaidh a bhean agus a chlann go Connacht, ach d'fhan é féin ins na sléibte, agus bhíodh sé ag robáil ós na Sasanaigh. Do bhí capall aige, agus nuair a bhí na Sasanaigh ag dul ó gCorcaig go Mág-Ealla, do chuireadh sé (Art) stop leo, ach do bhí ortha gach a raibh acu do thabáirt dó. Tar-éis tamaill fada do gortuigheadh

é, agus nuair a bhí sé ag fágháil bháis, do tháinig an sagart cuige agus dubhairt sé leis, airaí a dheanamh. Dubhairt Art nach n-déanfadh sé é, mar níor dhein sé aon rud ar as an slighe, agus nár goid sé aon rud ó aoinne ach ós na daoine do ghoid uaidh. Dubhairt an sagart leis, go raghadh sé go h-ifrinn. Do gheall Art de'n sagairt go dtiocfadh sé thar nais arís tar-éis a bháis cun innsint do, cá raibh sé. Tar-éis tamaill do bhí an sagairt ag teact abhaile oidhche. Do chonnaic sé (an sagairt) fear agus é ag marchaidheacht capall agus bhí fhios aige, gur ab'é Art a bhí ann. Dubhairt Art leis go raibh sé i bhflatis Dé. Do bhí ionghnad ar an t-sagart, mar do cheap sé go raghadh Art go Ifrinn. https://www.duchas.ie/en/cbes/4921861/4896939

“You just robbed a revenue cart.’ ‘That was neither stealing nor robbery. Whose money did we capture?’ ‘Why, the King’s!’ ‘King’s, you say! What right has an English King to the wealth of our land?” — Bankim Chandra Chattopadhyay, Anandamath

Betha Phatraic Bennacht Dé for Mumain, feraib macaib mnaib, bennacht for in talmain do-beir tarad daib. Bennacht for cech n-indbas gignes for a m-brugaib, cennach fore cobair bennacht Dé for Mumain. Bennacht for a m-benda, for a lecca lomma, bennacht for a n-glenda, bennacht for a n-dromma. Gainem lir fo longaib ropat lín a tellaig, i fánaib i r-redib i slebtib i m-bendaib

Beannacht Mogha Ruithe ar Mhumhan Tír mhín ainmhéin, tír fhluich thirim, tír aibhinn an-anibhinn, tír fhántach thulchach, tír bhláitheadrocht bhráthar, ní humfhaemú-sa an thír. Clú chathach clonghalach, clú eachtach urbadhach, clú uathmhar aicsineach, clú fhliuch lochanach, lir a conach, lir a húscaí, lir a hantaic géid a hiommaire, lir a catha, lir a haile, lir a heighmhe aidhbhre a huile eile a slada a sáruighte slighí churad clú Churning “In olden times the people used to churn each week. It was a barrel and a

round piece of board and a handle stuck in it the people used. Some of those churns are in my district still. About a hundred years ago a man by the name of James Keogh lived in Ballykenan and he was churning one day. It was on the tenth day of July and one of his friends were dead, and the man was going to the funeral. But his wife made him churn before he would go. He was working [strenuously] when a man came in singing. He walked out again and he met the man's wife. He never spoke a word to either of them. In about twenty minutes the man was finished. Then he went out to the stable and brought out his horse and started off riding him but he was late. When he went down the lane a small bit he saw a big roll of butter on the ground under a Daletree. He went back to his wife and told her. When his wife came out she looked at it and said that it was resin that fell from the tree. The man went on another bit and he saw the churn of butter of butter milk on the ditch. He went back again and told his wife. She came to place and said that it was lime water. The woman left both the butter and the milk on the ditch until evening. When the man was coming home there was the barrel on the ditch and the milk init. He went for the cows that evenning and when the cows were passing the barrel one cow drank some of it and perished that evening. The man died about a week after but his funeral was never seen. The woman never got to churn afterwards." Told by Thomas Keeffe to Lawrence Fogarty, Ballykeenan, Co. Carlow

The Milky Way is usually Bealach na Bó Finne (the Way of the White/Fair Cow). The legend that goes with this name is of a cow that produces an endless supply of milk [Gobaun Saor, Mogh Ruith, Manannán, St. Patrick all are named in this capacity, more or less]. The Milky Way can also have the more literal name Claí Mór na Réaltaí (the Great Wall of Stars); in Irish mór means "big or great" and must be cognate with the Welsh mawr. Another folk name is An Láir Bhán (the White Mare).

The Path of St Patrick's Cow This story is not very exciting but it is worth reading. Long ago when St. Patrick was passing through Cappoquin he went down by Mt. Rivers because in his time there was a ford across that way. He had a cow and this cow was after having a calf. This calf was stolen one night. The cow went along a path to find the robber and at last he found him at the end of the bohereen and it is said that he knew it by instinct. That is path is now called "The Path of St. Patrick's Cow." — As told by Mr J. Flanagan to Alice Flanagan, Cappoquin, Co. Waterford — dúchas.ie

Betha Phatraic Bennacht Dé for Mumain, feraib macaib mnaib, bennacht for in talmain do-beir tarad daib. Bennacht for cech n-indbas gignes for a m-brugaib, cennach fore cobair bennacht Dé for Mumain. Bennacht for a m-benda, for a lecca lomma, bennacht for a n-glenda, bennacht for a n-dromma. Gainem lir fo longaib ropat lín a tellaig, i fánaib i r-redib i slebtib i m-bendaib.

Beannacht Mogha Ruithe ar Mhumhan Tír mhín ainmhéin, tír fhluich thirim, tír aibhinn an-anibhinn, tír fhántach thulchach, tír bhláitheadrocht bhráthar, ní humfhaemú-sa an thír. Clú chathach clonghalach, clú eachtach urbadhach, clú uathmhar aicsineach, clú fhliuch lochanach, lir a conach, lir a húscaí, lir a hantaic géid a hiommaire, lir a catha, lir a haile, lir a heighmhe aidhbhre a huile eile a slada a sáruighte slighí churad clú

The Glen of the Cow, Collected by Eily Gowen from Patrick Daly 19 Dec 1938 The Glen of the Cow is situated south of Ballyhooly and Fermoy—nearer to Fermoy than Ballyhooly. There is a small stream running from the Glen into the Blackwater. A Druid named "Mog Ruit" got [Fir Maige Féne First Nation] and the country around as a present from a [chief] of Mumhan because he discovered water for the [chief] and his army when they were in

want of water one day when passing through. The [chief] told him to find a well. The Druid threw his spear from him and told the [chief] that he would get water under the ground under the spear. This Druid had a cow which every year went to a bull in Dromtariffe west of Mallow. On the journey the cow stayed at some house every night. She was fed by the people of that house. They milked her that night and the following morning no matter how large the milking vessel she filled it. There was great welcome for the cow. One night coming home she stayed in a place now called Knocknamadree in Ballyhooly parish. When going to milk her the man looked for the largest vessel he could find. There was a lady visitor in the house who bet with him that she would find a vessel the cow would not fill. She found a sieve and needless to say she won the bet as the cow did not fill it. It is said the cow did not give a drop of milk from that day out. It is still said in the parish that when a person is milking a cow that gives a great amount of milk —"She has as much milk as the Cow of the Glen."— Duchas.ie

According to Altram Tige Dá Medar, the feast of Goibniu protected the Tuatha Dé from sickness and old age. He is said to be owner of the Glas Gaibhnenn, the magical cow of abundance

Glas Gaibhnenn is a prized fabulous cow of bounty (fertility) that yields profuse quantities of milk, and which belonged to semi-mythological characters in Irish oral folktales. The bovine creature has been described variously as a cow which is "white with green spots" (Mackillop), or "Goibniu's Grey or Brindled (Cow)" (Rhys). Power listed Glas Gamhain and Bó Bhán "white cow" (associated with Boann) as among names of mythological creatures after which landscape features or bodies of water were often named, while Patricia Monaghan wrote of Glas Ghaibhleann

as ... associated with rivers, and that rivers were often seen as embodiments of Bó Bhán. O'Donovan thought the second part of the name was a corruption of the possessive case of Goibniu "the smith", as Goibniu is Old Irish, pronounced ˈgovʲnʲu or Gaibhne (Modern Irish). But the bovine creature's Irish name can literally be broken down to glas "green, gray, etc." and gamuin "calf, yearling", as have been indicated by the Rev. Patrick Power, church historian and writer on topographical names.
...
The Rev. Patrick Power's Place Names and Antiquities of S. E. Cork (1917) describes several place names in the county popularly associated with a legendary cow, the Bó Bhán (white cow) and Glas Gaibhneach/Gamhain/Gamhnach (he gives these three spellings). According to Power, in the townland of Foaty (on Fota Island), in County Cork, was a pond known as Loch na Bó "Lake of the Cow", which was "supposed to derive its name from a legendary cow — the Bó Bhán or the Glas Gaibhneach" And in Ballyoran townland (near Fermoy) is a "Gownach Well" i.e., the well of "Gamhnach = a yearling heifer; the eponymous bovine may be the legendary Galas. G. The well: "Part of the River Ilen to the west of Skibbereen is called "Gownach."

Rita Fitzgerald of Heamount, Middleton was told the following tale by her father - About a mile and a half from Heamount there is a place called Bóthar Bó Finne. It is told that a white cow used walk there at a certain time every morning. This happened during the Famine [sic] years, and everybody came to milk her. It is said that no matter how many people came to get milk, they would all get as much as they wanted from this wonderful cow. Not far from Bóthar Bó Finne is another place called "Luighe na Bó Báine" [perhaps Oath of White Cow or Oath of the Cow of Fairness?]. It is said that the wonderful white cow slept there at night. What became of the cow is not known, but I suppose she vanished as she came when she saw there

was no more need for her.
https://www.duchas.ie/en/cbes/4921918/4910863/5166074

"they would seem to represent the slow growth, anonymously, of popular proverbial literature, added to from generation to generation, and finally collected and classified by an industrious scribe": "Fithal and Flann Fina," Revue Celtique 47 (1930): 33.

It must be understood that to our [ancestors], knowledge was a sacred thing. Knowledge was a trust given by [God], a trust which must be passed from generation to generation. There are Triads which speak of the importance of knowledge, and for imparting knowledge. The Triads even go so far as to say that if one does not share their knowledge, that is, teach what they know, then they are accursed by divinity, however divinity might be described. Stáir na hÉireann blog

Lessons from the Oglala Lakota (Sioux): Cultural Identity and Practices as Healing for Multigenerational Trauma The Irish and the Lakota have been compared conceptually due to similar histories of colonization ...The Irish historian, Kevin Whelen [Ó Faoláin] described indigenous Irish before 1850 in terms similar to rural Indian villages in [Oileán an Turtair] “in this intimate face-to-face world… a rich oral culture was encouraged… Singing, dancing, and story telling emerged as the prized art forms. All this life was intricately interwoven...

Seán Ó Faoláin, The Great O'Neill: "The 16th C. wars of conquest there mingled what was by nature immiscible. It is the same forced juncture of modernity and antiquity that comes with every imperial conquest, whether it is the conquest of Mexico by the Spaniards, or the colonization of India by the Hanoverians, or the plantation of Ireland by the Tudors.

For out of it emerges a kind of ... duality of mind just as indissoluble, and just as incoherent, producing at first, on the side of the conquistadors, extremes of idealism, loyalty, persistence, stubbornness, folly, by which all first puzzlements or strings of conscience are smothered up or brushed aside; and then, on both sides, when the confusion rises, mountains of treachery, an otherwise unimaginable brutality, indescribably savageries, recantations, selfishness, contempt, every known weapon of human ingenuity and bestiality to obliterate the enemy and justify his obliteration...

It is not the Ireland of old that we have to-day. But an Ireland of English speech, and English pride, An Ireland without strength, and in misery extreme. An Ireland without Irish, and without love for poetry — Peter Galligan, Nobber, County Meath, as captured from a manuscript in Seanfhocla Uladh, Énrí Ó Muirgheasa, 1907

[Gaelic] judges were aware of the concept of legal precedents and case law as grounds for a decisionIt is important to realise that Irish ... scholars considered their own language and traditions to have [at least] an equal ... status with those of ancient Greece and Rome.. ' Katherine Simms The Poetic Brehon Lawyers Of Early Sixteenth Century

FÉNECHAS: The traditional customs and regulations of the Féni taken as a whole, including the body of the ancient law and somet. the ` bérla Féne ' ; `native customary law ', traditional justice, fair dealing. Dil.ie

Lúcás 10 An Bíobla Naofa 36 Cé acu den triúr sin, do bharúil, ba chomharsa don té a tharla i líon na robálaithe?" 37 Dúirt sé: "An té a rinne an trócaire air." Dúirt Íosa leis: "Imigh leat, agus déan féin mar an gcéanna." Luke 10

English Standard Version 36 Which of these three, do you think, proved to be a neighbor to the man who fell among the robbers?” 37 He said, “The one who showed him mercy.” And Jesus said to him, “You go, and do likewise.

, the shillelagh was emblematic of the toughness of Irish, and evolved, as a symbol, into the formation of what would be known as "Shillelagh Law," an ... representation of Irish patriotism and strength. Shillelagh Law was a code of conduct that revealed the Irish system of morality and ethics, steeped in a love for fighting tradition, but not necessarily, as the English would have put it, a love of violence for the sake of violence. Real Irish Fighting: A History of Shillelagh Law and Hob-Nailed Boot Stomping Irish stick-fighting was not only an ancient martial tradition; it became a symbol for Irish culture. L.A. Jennings Oct 13 2016 Vice Sports

'We are told the ideal ollamh or master of the legal profession should be expert in every art,4 that is in all branches of vernacular Irish learning: customary law, bardic poetry, music, medicine, and traditional history (including genealogy)... The [Gaels use] two words interchangeably for these arts or professions: dán which meant primarily a talent, a gift from God, and cerd which meant rather a craft, an acquired skill, used particularly of ornamental metal-workers, but also of poets ... We should ask ourselves then, why it [is] so important for Irish lawyers to be expert in every art, and especially in poetry? — Katherine Simms, The Poetic Brehon Lawyers Of Early Sixteenth Century Ireland

A Page Of History Séamus Costello Seems like every uprising was destined to fail, The Irish forces were crushed at the Battle of Kinsale, 1603; Hugh O’ Neill signed the Treaty of Melifont, Brought an end to the Nine Year War that the rebels launched, These events laid down the plan that the devil

wants, Now the British had some new lands to settle on, Our remaining leaders in exile; The Flight of The Earls, A tragic time that brought a new plight to our world, Under the rule of chief James & Charles the 1st, Life here quickly changed from Hard to worse, Look at what our people lost with the Penal Laws, Victims to a greed that was never seen before, Cruel deeds used to decimate our nation and culture, It was widespread with the Plantation of Ulster, Still the stronghold for some of the Gaelic Chieftains, Appalled at how our Motherland was raped and beaten, All the constant skirmishes had hate increasing, For the shameful reasons of these racist demons...

Lúgh's distinctiveness, however, is that he is master of all crafts: he is the Samildánach, the "Many Gifted One". ...and becomes the ideal defender of the Tribe against the chaotic powers of the Land. -Alexei Kondratiev Lugus: The Many-Gifted Lord

from The Scholars Weapon, Rebecca Scott, Echoes from Tyrconnel, 1880. [The Angel said] "Child of Earth, why weepest thou# Then the scholars heart took courage At that soft and silvery sound-- "I have wept, because oppression And iniquity abound.

"All the world is full of sorrow, And my heart us torn with pain For the wrongs I see around me, Wrongs Im powerless to restrain.

"Gods own image [humans] sold and shackled, Not the limbs alone confined, But the cruel chans of error Fetter brain, and soul, and mind!"

Strategist, warrior, satirist, co-ordinator of others' talents — Lug regulates and balances the efforts of the whole tribe, wielding his people into a fighting force much greater than the sum of its parts. Lug is the paragon of

[leadership]: he attains office thanks to his wisdom and omnicompetence, and establishes his right to do so by stating his claim to the office irrefutably. He leads his people to victory in battle, and vanquishes a fierce opponent. He acquires for his people competence in agriculture. As cited in [Chiefdom] in Early Irish Literature Tomás Ó Cathasaigh, Elizabeth A. Gray in 'Lug and Cú Chulainn: chief and warrior, god and man, in Studia Celtica XXIV/XXV (1989/90), pp. 38-52, at p 44

""Columcille on whom was no trouble, Great his wisdom, good his understanding; A falsehood never passed his lips, And never did he do vanity." Dallan Forgaill

Ní bhrisfidh siad mé mar tá an fonn saoirse agus saoirse mhuintir na hEireann i mo chroí. Tiocfaidh lá éigin nuair a bheidh an fonn saoirse seo le taispeáint ag daoine go léir na hEireann ansin tchífidh muid eirí na gealaí. If they aren't able to destroy the desire for freedom, they won't break you. They won't break me because the desire for freedom, and the freedom of the Irish people is in my heart. The day will dawn when all the people of Ireland will have the desire for freedom to show. It is then we'll see the rising of the moon. —Bobby Sands, 5 Bealtaine 1981

...the Old Irish law tracts cite the opinion of ancient judges on past disputes. However the disputes in question are almost always taken from mythology rather than recent history, and the judges named are mythological personages, such as Brg Ambue, or Brg the propertyless, the female expert of the men of Ireland in wisdom and prudence. Another very important mythical Brehon was Morann of the Magic Collar, whose collar was used as a lie-detector, choking witnesses who gave false testimony. Maxims

attributed to this fictional character run through the texts of the Munster law-school which produced the Old Irish Bretha Nemed tracts and related works... the ... cases and disputes cited in the law-tracts are drawn from the plots of literary myths and sagas... Katherine Simms' The Poetic Brehon Lawyers Of Early Sixteenth Century Ireland

translated by Fergus Kelly: "Tell him, let him be merciful, just, impartial, conscientious, firm, generous, hospitable, honourable, stable, beneficent, capable, honest, well-spoken, steady, true-judging."7 — Audacht Morainn, written down in 700s

...[It] was not until 1563 that a comprehensive settlement of [Laois and Offaly] took place. ...all the settlers, including the Gaelic Irish, were to adhere to a strict set of conditions which required them to use English language, dress and customs, and not to make use of the Gaelic brehon law system John Derricke's "Image of Irelande", Sir Henry Sidney, and the Massacre at Mullaghmast, 1578, The Image of Irelande by John Derricke Review by: Vincent P. Carey, Irish Historical Studies, Vol. 31, No. 123 (May, 1999), pp. 305-327. From JSTOR

Trí cumtaig gáisse: immed n-eolais, lín fássach, dagaigni do airbirt. Three ornaments of wisdom: abundance of knowledge, a number of precedents, to employ a good counsel.

"What then will you answer the Brehon? You gorgeously array your walls, but do not clothe your fellow human being; you adorn horses, but turn away from the shameful plight of your brother or sister; you allow grain to rot in your barns, but do not feed those who are starving; you hide gold in the earth, but ignore the oppressed!" — Hagios Basilios the Great, On Social Justice

Nakia Zavalla, Cultural Director at Santa Ynez Band of Chumash First Nation ..."[W]hen the children don't know their culture, that's when they get lost. Even adults get lost and get involved with things that are destructive to themselves and their bodies or to other people..."

Now, if we are to become Irish again...our young people must be made familiar with the proverbs which have been the heritage and the helpmates of unnumbered generations of our ancestors ; they must be encouraged to use them and keep them alive, and hand them down to future generations. Énrí Ua Muirgheasa (sp), 1907, Seanfhocla Uladh

Proclamation of 1916: "IRISHMEN AND IRISHWOMEN: In the name of God and of the dead generations from which she receives her old tradition of nationhood, Ireland, through us, summons her children to her...cherishing all of the children of the nation equally, and oblivious of the differences carefully fostered by an alien Government, which have divided a minority from the majority in the past...

Dr. Noelle Higgins The Lost Legal System: Pre-Common Law Ireland and the Brehon Law
...a native legal system was in place for centuries in Ireland, which differed in almost every way from the common law. This is known as Brehon Law, from the Old Irish word brithemain, meaning 'judge' or 'jurist'. This system was implemented throughout the island of Ireland, from Celtic times...
'Prior to [illegal usurpation of sovereignty] in [Occupied] Ireland, a native legal system, known as Brehon law, [persists go brách] throughout the country. This legal system dated from Celtic times and was passed down orally from generation to generation...The [Breiheamh, Féineachas] law system was highly complex and sophisticated. Rights were accrued based

on [honour] status and punishment / restitution [reparation] was based on the status of the person against whom an offence was committed. The legal system was administered by judges but the legal system was essentially self-enforcing with no prisons or police force.'

'While we cannot know definitively when the Brehon law system actually began, it is clear from references within the texts and the language used in them that the texts reflect a system that was in place in Celtic times, long before its principles were written down during the Christian era and Kelly states that 'it is clear from linguistic evidence that many of the essentials of the early Irish legal system go back at least as far as the Common Celtic period (c. 1000 BCE)...' Dr. Noelle Higgins. The Lost Legal System: Pre-Common Law Ireland and Brehon Law, GernerBeuerle and Frenkel (eds.), Legal Theory Practice and Education, (Athens: ATINER, 2011), pp. 193 – 205.

The Brehon Laws by Laurence Ginnell, 1894 'It cannot be doubted that in Ireland, as in Gaul, the most learned, the most sage, and the most virtuous [daoine] of the nation were druids or priests of that religion. Their superior learning enabled them to become more than priests; magicians if you will, but certainly philosophers, astronomers, judges, bards, literary [daoine], musicians, physicians, seers or diviners of future events, and many other things, and may have given them a choice, almost a monopoly, of all the offices which required learning.

Book of Munster, compiled by Fr. Eoghan Ó Caoimh, 1703.
..a prudent, chaste, and amiable man was he ; and a learned and truly skilful poet, as well as an expert and cultured scholar, in the original tongue of his country and of his ancestors... There you have, O stone—my loss !—beneath your side, weak, a priest who was cultured, and who was perfect in the law of the Son of God ; a radiant watchman of the blood of O'Keeffe,

bravest in the fight ; a historian who for a season wrote truthfully about the Gaels. . Written by Bishop John O'Brien, 1726, on a gravestone in Oldcourt carved by Donncad O'Dailag half a mile west of where Fr. Eoghan O'Keeffe was a parish priest in Doneraile. Journal of the Cork Historical and Archaeological Society, Volume 3, p. 348, 1894.

the druid and his daughter Muncha went to Western Magh Femhin, for there was Eoghan's residence at Knockgraffon. When the time came for the child to be born, the druid said, "Daughter, if it is today that you shall bear the child, he shall be a druid; but if he is not born until tomorrow, the child shall be Rí and his descendants shall be a royal race." Muncha said: "My son shall not be born until tomorrow so that he shall be Rí. The daughter of Dil's then goes to the River Suir, to Ath Hisil on the Suir. There was a great flagstone in the middle of the ford there — she lay flat on the stone until daybreak on the following day. “It is time now, O daughter,” said her father, "to bear the child." The wonderful talented youth was then born, in the middle of the flagstone that is Fiacha Muilleathan [Fiacha Flat–head] — father of all the Eoghanachta.
Fr. Eóghan Ó Keeffe above from Book of Munster

Then the Men of Munster said to Dil: “Accept our thanks and go at once to ask Mogh Roith if he can help us.” -Forbuis

J.G. O'Keeffe The Ancient Territory of Fermoy, from Book of Lismore or McCarthy Reagh, Ériu Vol. 10 (1926/1928) Published by: Royal Irish Academy The evidence afforded by the personal and place names indicates that the text could not have been written before the twelfth century. The surname (which began to appear in the ninth as well as established by the twelfth century) is found throughout. In connection with place names, I think it will

be found on examination of early Irish documents that the word baile as the first element in place names does not occur with any frequency before the close of the twelfth century. Documents of this kind are not common in Irish. It is quite a matter-offact record, and, judged from the personal and place names that survive in the district to the present day, it must have been a fairly exact one. The occasion for the record may have been some fundamental change in the political organization of the district...There must have been some good reason for placing on record the hereditary owners and, with as much precision as possible, the limits of their several ownerships. Soon after the Anglo-Norman invasion the power of the Native chieftains began to wane. The [Fir Maige Féne First Nation] territory came under the dominion of the Roches and Flemings in the thirteenth century. The Roches appear to have been firmly planted at Castletown Roche by the close of that century. It is possible that the "survey" was put on record in consequence of the new overlordship. From the foregoing indications I conclude that the family organization outlined in this document was in existence in the thirteenth century, if not earlier. It is possible indeed that it reflects pretty accurately the family organization of the particular district during the twelfth, thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. The territory describes a rough parallelogram some 22 miles long (east and west) and 12 wide. Glanworth is near the center, and Mallow, Doneraile, [Brigown], and Clondulane are a little within the angles

It is hemmed in the north by the Ballyhowra and Galtee Mountains, and on the south by the Nagle's Mountains, extending eastward to Corrin [Cairn Tiarna]. In the whole territory of some 260 square miles there are 163 places s mentioned and 135 families. Of the 163 places some were probably full townlands, the others portions, of varying size, of townlands. More than half of both sets of names are are found in thre of the fourteen tuatha, viz. Eoghanacht of Glennomain, Hí Chuáin and Magh Finne. The dividing line

between the two original cantreds was not quite the line which today separates the Barony of Condons and Clangibbon on the east from that of Fermoy on the west. The early boundary, following the indications in the document, ran due north from a point on the Blackwater a little to the west of Convamore to the vicinity of Rockmills, that is, parallel to the Awbeg, and a little to the east of it; then either north along the Funshion and Sheep Rivers, or northwest along the Farahy River. (In view of the positions of Ahacross, that is, the first cantred, and therefore east of the dividing line, I incline to the latter.) The present baronial boundary lies for the most part some miles to the east. It should be possible, I think, from the place-names I have been able to identify and from the notes appended, to determine approximately the positions of several tuatha and of many of the family groups mentioned. I The exact boundary of the Caoille, The territory of Fermoy was known as Caílle an drúadh, the draoi Mogh Ruith's vale

Aoir Mhogh Ruith ar an nGabháltas Mogh Ruith's Satire on the Invasion O Coille small and melodious, (now) of an unkept surprise (burst) of midges, a meeting of birth-giving and thievery, (in this) valley that's of achievements of many-exaltings, abode of wild pigs (they) made comfortable, bird-ful of wild honeys. (Is inflicted) on it [i.e. Munster] very grimly (stupidly) like a snare (pitfall) deeply afflicted fully dirty a bare (defeathered) raven (of) many-dunghills. On stormy mountainsides O glorious(ly) to the south of this (is an) eagle gainful (having troops) of the (mountain) peaks. Those who died (their) deaths if as a result of the founding of their (the enemy's) wrong-doings, it will be without (distinction of) tribe they are angered, (they) of beauties, of the secrets' oaks*, of slaughters ruddy (bloody) of royal benefits / radiances, of the spear-points (satires) of battle-sayings. Retreat! (you the enemy) O Coille!
[based on another translation by Ó Tuathail, who seemed unaware of the toponomastic clues.]

The exact boundary of the Caoille, Is there anyone of you who would describe it? It was given to the son of Sonasc (Mogh Ruith) for assisting at the Forbais Etc.

That country consisted of two triucha (cantreds) before it was given to Mogh Ruith, and there were eight tuatha in each triucha; and this is the boundary of the two triucha... On being given to Mogh Ruith they were made into one triucha, to lessen their rent-tribute for Mogh's posterity. And the security for keeping it thus was Mogh Corb, son of Cormac Cas, and his posterity. And it was then portioned into ten tuatha, eight answering to ordinary land and two of border land. The first tuath that is reckoned of these is the Eoghanacht of Glennomain (Glanworth), for it is the noblest of them, being the freetuatha of Cashel, together with its fortuath (which means welcome additions or something like that, with slightly different rights and responsibilities than the land steward tuaths...

Agus déarfaidh fear an tsléibhe máguaird: 'Nach í seo an chríoch a bhí ag Fir Mhaighe séaghainn tráth dá raibh?'

Tiocfaidh an fhírinne ina háit féin agus saoirse mhuintir na hÉireann i mo chroí.

Hapless Nation—hapless Land,
Heap of uncementing sand ;
Crumbled by a foreign weight
And by worse, domestic hate.

God of mercy ! God of peace !
Make the mad confusion cease
O'er the mental chaos move,

Through it speak the light of love.
From THE WAKE OF WILLIAM ORR. A.D. 1797.
Gills Irish Reciter, JJ Ó Kelly, 1918

..and in this way it was that Ironbones was sent off from the shores of Ireland, without victory, honour, or glory, and deprived of the power of ever again boasting himself... THE CHURL IN THE GREY COAT,

Aoibhinn dom bheith air cnoc oileáin
Ar barr carraige
Go bhféacha mé minic ar an fharraige ciúin.
Is Aoibhinn dán draoithe is dáimh.

Poem on the Day of Judgement Editor and translator: J. G. O'Keeffe https://www.ucd.ie/tlh/text/jok.eriu.3.001.text.html

Of Thy vast mercy protect me at all times, put into my soul Thy great love, that it may be overflowing with love for Thee. That I may be wheat in Thy granary on the day when the chaff is burned, that I may carry off victory and triumph yonder in the rout of Doom.

0. **Even Cockroaches Keen the Dead 1. Aire. The Cailleach's Bed 4. The Swan of Glenore 6. Teacht Fhianna 7. Red Stag of Killarney 15. Swan Eala of Lough Derg. Corr Bán of Abhainn Nem 18. Tlachtga's White Dove Visitation 19. An Pocán inclined his head. 20. Cuimhne na mBó 21. The Hawk Visited You As I Flew Away 22. Beeswarm of Sitges 23. Big Chief Oak of Fermoy 24. Mallard Duck of Cairn Tiarna 25. The Eagle and the Wren . Trí Síonnach 34. Red Squirrel of Cairn Thiarna . Tlachtga's Bird Dream 43. Dolphins of Antroim 44. The Songbirds Know the Score 47. Grampa's Wild Barn Cats Why I hate the English Language. Cú Ruaidh 56. The River is The Salmon Wife's Uterus. An Gabhar bán Ghleann Iúir. Yr Wyddfa miracle strength. Iona Miracle weather.**

Oxford professor claims Drombeg has solved the riddle of Stonehenge Monday, 26th September, 2016, The Southern Star, West Cork, Story by Jackie Keogh Oxford professor claims Drombeg has solved the riddle of Stonehenge A WEST Cork stone circle has provided an 81-year old archaeologist with the answer to the riddle of Stonehenge. 'I have solved it completely,' Prof Terence Meaden, an archaeologist and physicist from Oxford University, told The Southern Star. He explained that the people who created the Drombeg Stone Circle near Glandore had, in Neolithic times, 'a fertility [interest]' and for them the landscape was the [feminine]

and the [sun was the masculine]. The archaeologist said these 'intelligent people' ...measure[d] ... the progress of the sun on the landscape before placing some stones to represent the female form and some to represent the male. He has discovered that at sunrise – not sunset – during the eight ancient agricultural festivals that include the solstices and quasi-equinoxes, the shadows of the male stones fall on the female stone and form 'a union.' There are eight couplings contained within Drombeg Stone Circles, some of which are doubles, and the photographic evidence of these couplings is both explicit and stark. The rising sun, for example, illuminates one of the female stones in such a way that looks like a bright, warm, life-affirming womb, while the adjoining male stone casts a decidedly phallic shadow right in the middle of the womb. Another female stone – the recumbent stone – has embedded on its surface the unmistakable outline of female genitalia and when the sunrises behind the male stone at the entrance a shadow falls
'cover' the female stone. Terence said that these parings are 'a visible consummation,' a marriage... These meaningful shadows are cast on the recumbent stone during the summer, and shadows cast the other couplings take place during the winter. Terence's book – which is entitled "Stonehenge, Avebury and Drombeg Stone Circles Deciphered" ... the best way to describe it is that the people who created Drombeg put on one of the world's first slideshows. And to see it changes utterly one's experience and understanding of Drombeg Stone Circle.
Called locally the Druids Altar.

The Departure of Cliodhna from Carrigcleena as remembered by Domhnall Mac Óda The last account of Cliodhna, as told by local residents around Carrigcleena, runs as follows: Situated about two miles north of Carrigcleena, and on the road to Mallow, is a cross-roads called Pindy's Cross, Pindy being a corruption of pente, Greek for five. There are five

roads branching off at these cross-roads. It seems there was a smithy or forge at this spot long ago, no trace of which is to be found now. Cliodhna, mounted on a white horse, appeared before the forge and asked the smith to put a shoe on one of horse's legs. This the smith promptly did. When leaving Cliodhna is reported to have called the smith's attention to a clump of bracken that was quite green-looking and growing nearby. She said that she was leaving the place, but did not disclose where she was going, and gave the smith a sign whether she would return again or not. The sign was the green bracken. If, on the following day, the bracken was green as usual, she would return, but on the other hand, if the bracken was withered, then never again would she come back. The smith next day saw the bracken shrivelled up and withered, and Cliodhna has never been heard of since.
"Bhí bean ag cuardach a dearbhrathar i bhfad ó bhaile."
http://www.duchas.ie/en/cbes/4921885/4898842

Aoghán Ó Rathaille
I beseech the Trinity, most august, holy,
To banish this sorrow from them altogether —
From the descendants of Ir, of Conn, of Éibhear —
And to restore the Gaels to their estates.
O Christ, restore betimes to the Gaels
All our estates, rescued from the dire bondage of foreign churls ;
Chastise the vile horde, behold, our country is faint,
And Erin's nursling, weak, feeble, subdued, beyond the sea !

A LULLABY

Eoghan Rua Ó Súilleabháin trans. James Clarence Mangan

The last, not least, of thy weapons, my son,
Shall be the glittering glaive of O'Dunn,
The gift from Aenghus' powerful hands,
The hewer-downer of the Fenian bands
With edge so fine ! O hushaby, hushaby, child of mine !
Féinchosaint. Hy-Regan.

Great Grampa Eddie Dunn comforted Gram as a caillín:
'Just remember you're Eddie Dunn's daughter' she told me at 98 years old.
'Just remember you're Eddie Dunn's daughter's grandson.'
Mullach abú. Up Laois.

Over Uí Riagain of heavy routs
A vigorous tribe who conquer in battle-axes
Is Ó Duinn, chief of demolition
Hero of the golden battle-spears
Ó Dugan, Topographical poems

Ballad of Crowfoot, Willie Dunn
Mi'qmaq First Nation, An Cláirseach Ó Duinn.
See the settlers in more numbers
He takes whatever he encounters
You've seen the [Lakota] all battered, beaten
They're all in rags, they haven't eaten
The Nez Perce' were much the same
It seems like such a heartless game
And it's eighteen hundred seventy-six
And the enemy's full of those death-dealing tricks

Today the treaty stands on the table Will you sign it?
Are you able? It offers food and protection too
Do you really think they'll hold it true?

Donough MacConmara, 1700s, Munster
Poet being shipped to an tOileán: Do thug an pobal i bhfochair a chéile Chum mo mo chothuighthe i gcogadh nó i spéirlinn - Stór nach g-caillfeadh suim de laethibh, As cófra doimhin a d-toilfinn féin ann; Do bhí seach bh-fichid ubh circe 'gus eunla ann Le h-aghaidh a n-ithte chomh minic 's badh mhéin liom - Cróca ime do dingeadh le saothar As spóla soille ba throime 'ná déarfainn

Then the noble, valiant descendants of Eoghan arose, and arranged themselves into a furious, steady, brave battalion of champions. — Caithréim Chellacháin Chaisil

May no weak race be wronged, and no strong robber feared ;
To oppressors grow hateful, to slaves more endeared ;
Till the world comes to know that the test of a cause
Is the hatred of tyrants, and Erin's applause
JB Ó Reilly, Ireland for All Peoples Freedom

Cech noeb, cech noebuag, cech martir, doruirmes, cech apstal ard, a n-itge leam for Dia atagar, romain ar gach n-gabud n-garc.

Every saint, every holy virgin, every martyr, Every high apostle, I beseech their prayer for me with God, May it protect me from every rough peril. Hibernica Minorica, trans. Kuno Meyer, Oxford, 1894.